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NOTES.

BISMARCK is dead, and his death has made us conscious of a void in the world. Germany is not so interesting now that her greatest son is gone. Life is not so interesting now that the greatest of living men has passed away. And before he died the greatest accomplishment of his statesmanship in these later years had been abandoned by his Imperial successor. For twenty years he had held Russia and France apart, but within three years of his dismissal Russia and France had entered on an alliance which threatens the very existence of the empire Bismarck created. We owe to the "Times," which by the way has done better work on Bismarck than any British or foreign paper (though it does not give an accurate version of the Gefcken story), the account of the last words exchanged between Bismarck and the Emperor when the pilot was told to leave the ship. Incredible as it may appear, the "Times" says the dispute passed from German into English. The Chancellor said with a sort of proud appeal, "Then I am in your way, Sir?" The Emperor answered "Yes"—to his eternal disgrace.

The "Times," too, is right in saying that the first serious dispute between the young Emperor and the great Chancellor was occasioned by the article of Gefcken purporting to give some pages of the diary of King Frederick. Bismarck was naturally incensed at the publication of these papers, and he probably feared that the young Emperor would hesitate to attack his own father. Accordingly Bismarck sent the young Emperor the order for Gefcken's prosecution with a mass of other papers, hoping that the Emperor would sign it without noticing its drift and importance. Bismarck was justified in his calculation and won a final victory over his enemies. A worse than Pyrrhic victory, however, for the Emperor never forgave him. Now for the first time the German War-lord stands alone. It will not be many years, we predict, before he pays the penalty of what the Greeks called *ὑβρις*, and we call overweening conceit.

Why should there be a general conspiracy on the part of the press when a distinguished man is dying to conceal the real facts from the public? The one thing that must not be allowed to leak out is the truth of the case. When President Garfield was shot he lingered on for three months; and every day the newspapers announced that he was better, until he died. The lies that were circulated about Bismarck last week were entirely of the same order. According to the "Westminster Gazette" the ex-Chancellor was in the best of health, and laughing heartily over an obituary notice that had appeared about him, at the very moment when he was in reality stretched upon his death-bed. Of course we do not blame the English papers for copying

the false reports that were diligently circulated by their German contemporaries: that is in the nature of journalism. But must we also attribute to the inherent impulse to lie, the fact that misstatements are invariably made on these occasions?

It is strange also that the true facts about Bismarck's resignation never leaked out at the time. The first rumours were circulated in Berlin on Monday, 17 March, 1890. It was stated that the Chancellor had made up his mind to retire, and had summoned a Cabinet Council to deal with the question. Later in the day a trustworthy report declared that the resignation was an accomplished fact. On Tuesday it was announced semi-officially that Bismarck's determination to resign was firm and irrevocable. The following day brought no fresh development; but on Thursday it transpired that the Chancellor's formal resignation had been sent in on the previous Tuesday. The differences that had led to the crisis were then said to have been on questions of ministerial responsibility, and we now know from the text of Bismarck's resignation, which was published immediately after his death, that that was at least one of the points on which he and the Emperor disagreed, and that it was made the nominal cause of his retirement from office. It was not until Saturday, the 22nd, that the quarrel was alluded to as being very much more of a personal nature, and the "Vossische Zeitung" published the account of a stormy scene which was said to have taken place between the Emperor and Bismarck on the previous Sunday. After an interval of eight years, we have learnt that the Chancellor did virtually receive his dismissal on that Sunday evening; and there is no doubt that the conjecture expressed on another page, in the description of an evening spent with Bismarck, that the two gentlemen seen by the English delegates had brought the Chancellor's dismissal from the Emperor is perfectly accurate. Bismarck himself alluded to them in the pages of his formal resignation. More revelations have been promised; and there are unmistakeable signs on the part of William the Witless of a desire to bribe these inconvenient vindicators of the great Chancellor to silence.

The debate on China, raised on a motion of Mr. Yerburgh on Tuesday evening, soon resolved itself into a duel between Mr. G. Curzon and Sir Edward Grey. Mr. Curzon as usual played the advocate in the old-fashioned sense; everything the Government had done was right, and those who did not appreciate their actions were incapable of understanding them. His words were; "If we had a little more clear thinking and a little less wild talking about the China question we should get more forward." On the question of helping British trade his views were just as loftily superior. "If British financiers would not burn their

fingers in China it was not the duty of the Government to burn theirs." Then he went on to hope in most insolent fashion that "the remarks he had made would remove an unnecessary panic." It looks as if Mr. Curzon were in the future going to take the position now occupied by Mr. Henry Chaplin as the pompous fluent superior gentleman of the early Victorian style.

The partisan speech of Mr. Curzon was met by an admirable address of Sir Edward Grey. Reading it we are almost forced to believe that Sir Edward Grey is the ablest man on the Liberal side of the House. It was all fair, and modern. He did not attempt to score a point rhetorically or as a partisan. He admitted that the open door would have been a good policy had it been enforced. But letting the open door become a brick wall, to use Lord Charles Beresford's simile, seemed to him like a British defeat. Besides, Nanking had not been opened to us as a free port. Chinese promises were not worth trusting. And then he met Mr. Curzon admirably—Mr. Curzon's complaint that British capital was not forthcoming for Chinese enterprises. "How much British capital," said Sir Edward Grey, "is forthcoming will depend on the opinion British capital has of the British Government." No wonder the House met this admirably fair statement with applause, and still better was what Sir Edward Grey said about Russia. "It was the duty of the British Government to have come to an understanding with Russia over Port Arthur. That had not been done." And then came the courteous, crushing summing up; "there has been a lack of initiative, of energy, of life—personality, if you like to put it so—about the conduct of foreign policy." This is the exact truth; but how will Lord Salisbury like to hear it? For a complete statement of the present position we may refer our readers to the review of Mr. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation" on p. 179.

Peace between Spain and the United States is now only a matter of a few days, although the formal treaty may take a considerable time to elaborate. President McKinley, though he is sincerely anxious to make the way as smooth for the Spanish Government as he consistently can, holds firm to his demand that Spain shall evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico and one of the Ladrões before the formal peace negotiations commence. Probably by this time the Spanish Government perceives that it cannot hope to obtain any material modification of the conditions set forth at the outset, and though no one can blame the Spaniards if they try to secure some small concessions to their pride, the world will be likely to chafe at any unnecessary delay in the eating of the leek. The Spaniards by their bravery and endurance under arms have done much to redeem their faults. Englishmen least of all will not withhold their admiration from the Spanish officers and men who have gone to their deaths without flinching rather than face dishonour. Brave men such as they deserve a better Government than Spain has ever had, and the war will not be without its compensation if its disastrous results impel the Spaniards to look around for a statesman who will have the ability and the integrity that are needed to rehabilitate the shattered nation. With the end of the war ends a sorry chapter in the history of the nineteenth century. From beginning to end it has been one hideous mistake.

For the United States the war has also been an immense deception. It has not been child's play to defeat even so weak a nation as Spain has shown herself to be. An army cannot create itself in a day, but it is recognised by all the world that aided by its immense practical genius the American nation did, by a sheer tour de force, create for itself an army that could take the field and win a campaign in a few weeks. But when the war began the United States solemnly declared that they did not intend to annex Cuba. Now they are at a loss to know what to do with the island they have conquered but must not annex. They have learnt that the poor perishing Cuban martyr is a vile creature to whom they dare not entrust the lives and property of the peaceful population of the island. And on the other side of the world the Philippine insurgent is as ready to

fly at an American's throat as at a Spaniard's when he is baulked of his plunder. Now, having partially conquered the Philippines, the States are at a loss to know what to do with them if they conquer them wholly, for they are not inclined to give them back to Spain, they do not want to keep them, and they are still less inclined to give them to any one else. It is a case where the victor is more embarrassed than the vanquished. And even yet the American probably does not realise how far he has departed from the traditional policy of the Republic, and that there is no retracing his steps. For good or for ill the States are now in the midst of that *mêlée* of warring, jarring peoples which we call the comity of nations. We trust they will like their new experiences.

In her rôle of Deliverer from Spanish misgovernment the United States must be gratified by the progress of their army in Puerto Rico. In the advance upon San Juan the troops are welcomed everywhere with joyful demonstrations, and this welcome is none the less pleasing because it was unexpected. "At Juana Diaz," writes the correspondent of the New York "Sun," "men and women fell upon their knees and worshipped the soldiers. The Mayor made a speech, the keynote of which was, that the day of deliverance for Puerto Rico had arrived, and crowds followed the troops with cries of 'Viva los Americanos.'" With the inhabitants in this mood the invasion of Puerto Rico takes the character of a picnic, and contrasts favourably with the dismal outlook of affairs in Cuba. The insurgents there have made no movement of friendliness towards the United States. What is worse, the American army seems to be suffering terribly from the climate and the insanitary condition of their camps around Santiago; nearly five thousand cases of sickness having been reported by General Shafter. It is not Spain alone that will gain relief when the treaty of peace is signed; the Americans have had quite enough of war to satisfy them for some time.

Mr. Rhodes's policy in South Africa is in the fair way to success. He has aroused his own constituency to enthusiasm; the Progressives are inspired by the knowledge that he is ready to place himself at their head if they win; and the anti-Rhodes party is practically routed by the disclosures forced upon them by Dr. Smartt, the Cape Colonial Secretary. Dr. Smartt challenged Mr. Merriman, a prominent member of the Africander party, to deny that he had written a letter to the leaders of the Reform party in Johannesburg heartily sympathising with the movement, and Mr. Merriman admitted that this was the case. Then Dr. Smartt attacked Mr. Hofmeyr, and accused him of having made large profits by dealings in Chartered, and Mr. Hofmeyr has admitted that he made some £2500 in this way. These are two serious blows for the Africander party, and it looks as if the Progressives are going to win all along the line. The anti-Rhodes party is undoubtedly dispirited and little confident of victory. But if the Progressives win, and Mr. Rhodes becomes once more Premier of the Cape, what is to happen? Such a result cannot fail to lead to great unrest and confusion throughout South Africa, and it is to be regretted that Sir Alfred Milner has not proved himself a stronger and more judicious representative of the Queen, that he might in some degree have averted instead of fomenting this furious quarrel. Happily good influences are at work in Pretoria. It would be curious if President Kruger should emerge suddenly in a new rôle as the god out of the machine.

The only Parliamentary incident of the week, save the China question, was Mr. Chamberlain's long statement on the vote in aid of the West Indies. He not only elaborated his doctrine of developing our estates as an Imperial duty, but definitely foreshadowed the taking of the one effective step for putting an end to the Sugar Bounties. The Brussels Conference has shown that most of the Powers are agreed on dropping the bounties provided that all come simultaneously into line. France alone holds out and England has hitherto helped her by refusing to join the other Powers in applying pressure—that is to say, in agreeing to

countervail or prohibit altogether the import of bounty-fed sugar. One distinguished and influential member of the Cabinet has, as is well known, held out bitterly on this matter, refusing to give up his antiquated Cobdenism, but Mr. Chamberlain (and Lord Salisbury is with him in this) has had his way, and on Tuesday he emphatically announced, speaking in the name of the whole Government, that they did not regard the imposition of countervailing duties in such a case as any violation of Free Trade doctrine, and that they reserved the full right to use that weapon if it were necessary in order to destroy those duties.

Mr. Chamberlain's programme of loans and grants in aid to the West Indies is, in the main, the direct outcome of the proposals made by the Royal Commission. The readiness of the Government to guarantee interest on capital subscribed to enable certain of the smaller Colonies to bring their methods of sugar manufacture up to date sharply reflects on the unwillingness of the Foreign Office to assist in the same way capitalists in China who may be equally prepared to further British interests. They do these things very much better at the Colonial Office than at the Foreign Office. The principal interest of Mr. Chamberlain's speech centred in his reference to countervailing duties. His immediate proposals will bring temporary relief; countervailing duties, which he suggests the Government will not hesitate to adopt in the last resort, would mean a permanent settlement. Mr. Chamberlain's logic, however, failed him at this point. In showing that countervailing duties are consistent with Free Trade principles as laid down by Cobden and Bright and Hume, he was admirable, but when he urged that countervailing duties would interfere with the trade of 1,500,000 tons of sugar in the interests of the 260,000 tons which we receive from the Colonies, he went hopelessly astray. France is the only Power to be seriously reckoned with. She sends us 200,000 tons per annum. Countervailing duties would affect her, and her alone. The other Powers are eager to fall into line with Great Britain. Not 1,500,000 but 200,000 tons would therefore be taxed. Mr. Chamberlain does not appear to have read the report of the British Commissioners at Brussels to much purpose.

The session will be wound up next week, and on the whole it has been, so far as legislation is concerned, a good one for the Government. The Irish Local Government Bill is through, and reflects credit on its authors and also, to a marked extent, on Mr. Atkinson, the Irish Attorney-General, and on Mr. Healy, both of whom were unwearied and inexhaustible in their aid in piloting the Bill round sharp corners. It is the fate of Irish law officers to be suddenly dumped down on the front bench, and then as suddenly to disappear to the obscurity of an Irish judgeship before the House has discovered their existence. In most cases they are not missed, but Mr. Atkinson has displayed marked parliamentary capacity and a considerable oratorical facility that will make the House sorry to lose him.

The Criminal Evidence Bill is also through, its final stages in the House of Lords being dignified by a notable speech in its favour from Lord Russell of Killowen. Lord James pointed out, as the "Saturday Review" has repeatedly done, that the reactionary lawyers made precisely the same gloomy predictions half a century ago about the terrible results that would flow from the legislation permitting the parties to a civil suit to give evidence. And who would now be so silly as to suggest that the plaintiff and defendant in a civil action should have their mouths shut when their case came on? Similarly Lord Russell "could not conceive any case in which an innocent person could be in any way prejudiced or damnified by having the facility given to him of tendering evidence on oath upon the matter of which the Bill treated." He went further, and pointed out that the limitation of cross-examination which the Bill proposed was a weak concession to prejudice that could not long be maintained. When people find how simply and reasonably the Act works it will become as much a matter of course for the defendant to be examined and cross-examined as it now is for the plaintiff and defendant in a civil case.

The Education Bill of the Duke of Devonshire is, as we remark in another place, ludicrous enough; but the "Times" has made it ten times more absurd by the fulsome praise accorded to the pretended reform in two leaders devoted to the discussion of its merits. In the first of these articles the "Times" spoke of the Bill as "a most important scheme"; but on further consideration we are told to regard it as "the *avant-courier* of most important legislation in the future." We do not know whose legislative efforts the "Times" intends to foreshadow, but we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that the Duke will ever be stimulated again, at least during the next few years of much-needed repose, even to such a Titanic effort as the present empty measure. Some of the "Times'" comments are deliciously, though doubtless unconsciously, ironic. For instance, that "the proposal is put forward in a tentative manner after our British fashion," or that "many of the changes might be effected administratively without legislation." In the latter remark the whole absurdity of the Bill is accidentally summed up. The proposals of the Duke should have been referred by him in the ordinary course of his official duties to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and on their recommendation all the changes he proposes could have been effected by an Order in Council. But to bring a Bill before Parliament which pretends to do everything and does nothing at all is little short of farcical.

The manner in which our penal code is administered is fast becoming a judicial scandal. Far too much scope is allowed under existing conditions for the personal idiosyncrasies of judges to come into play. And yet—as a correspondent pointed out last week—here is Mr. Justice Day complaining that the legislature does not allow him a sufficiently free hand. It would be as well if a committee of the judicial authorities were empowered to inquire into some of Mr. Justice Day's sentences, and to compel him to exercise the same amount of control over his unbridled severity that other judges put upon their feelings. He may be, and probably is, carried away by religious zeal; but that does not make the inhumanity of his punishments a whit less deserving of the strongest censure. To realise the gulf that separates Mr. Justice Day even from a judge as severe as Mr. Justice Grantham, it is only necessary to turn to the appalling figures collected by the "Pall Mall Gazette." Within a period of fourteen years Mr. Justice Day has ordered 3766 strokes, in most cases with the cat. Mr. Justice Grantham in nine years gave 688 strokes. In the former case the average was 269 per annum; in the latter, 76. Mr. Justice Bruce reached the higher average, compared with the last-mentioned judge, of 101; and Sir Charles Hall, who has to deal with a greater number of criminals, metes out corporal punishment at the rate of 207 strokes in the year. It is quite clear that Mr. Justice Day vastly exceeds the discretionary powers exercised by his colleagues; and it is equally evident that for this reason alone some restraint should be put upon his punitive overzeal.

How comes it that so little notice has been taken of the idiotic verdict of a Liverpool jury in a dramatic criticism case on Tuesday? It is only by the Press speaking out in such matters that weak judges and ignorant jurymen can be brought to their senses. It appears that the "Birmingham Post" published a powerful criticism of one of those maudlin and trashy "religious" melodramas which appear still to be tolerated in the provinces. The criticism was so effective that the piece had to be taken off and something else substituted. Whereupon the manager brought an action, which was tried, not in Birmingham where the facts were known, but in Liverpool, and the jury awarded £40 damages. There appears to have been no attempt to show that the notice was malicious or untruthful. It was severe, justly severe, and it killed the wretched play for the time being in Birmingham, and that was its complete justification. A strong judge would have stopped the case, but Mr. Justice Bruce allowed it to drag on to its discreditable end. Has it really come to this, that a public newspaper in the course of its duty to the public must not

speaking out and tell the truth about some worthless book or picture or play because when it has very properly killed the trashy thing by telling the truth it may be killed for libel?

Mr. J. L. Gorst has been officially appointed to succeed to the post of Financial Adviser to the Khedive, which will shortly be vacated by Sir Elwin Palmer. Latterly, Mr. Gorst, who commenced his career in the Egyptian service as Under-Secretary of Finance, has filled the position of Adviser on Internal Affairs, a post which was expressly created for him. But the reforms introduced by Mr. Gorst in connexion with his Department have been put into thorough working order, and therefore the removal of so able an administrator to a more active sphere will be regarded with general satisfaction.

So Major Spilsbury is to return to the Promised Land to take his trial. We sympathise with him; but Mr. Griffith was surely assuming too much ignorance on Mr. Lushington's part when he drew that harrowing picture of Tangier. We can console Major Spilsbury with the assurance that he will find comfortable quarters in an English prison, with an English gaoler to look after him. Mr. Griffith should travel. His ignorance, if genuine, is amazing.

Sir Richard Temple has been airing his views on England's isolated position amongst the Powers, for the benefit of the German public, in the "Deutsche Revue." His opinions are sound enough, but they are expressed with the timidity of an ambassador fencing round some awkward diplomatic question. The keynote of his summing up of the situation is that England's best friend is Germany. He gracefully skirts round the Kaiser's silly telegram, and points out that in China we share identical interests with Germany, namely, the constitution of a barrier to Russian greed when the Peking manœuvres have become an actuality and a Muscovite army occupies the North-Western provinces. The idea of an Anglo-American alliance Sir Richard looks upon with some misgivings. He acknowledges that the proposition has caught hold of the sentimental side of the British public; but he reminds his readers that the first thing the States would try to ram down our throats would be the Monroe doctrine. And that, as all the world knows, we will not stand at any price. Only Sir Richard is a gentle-minded man and does not like to say so. We should like Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, or some other of our bloodthirsty Imperialists, to write a German article on the subject. It might do an immense amount of good in the Fatherland, and prove a salutary check to the Kaiser's literary aspirations.

The "Daily News" published on Thursday what purported to be a paragraph contained in the forthcoming report of the Museums Committee, whereby the action of the Science and Art Department in dismissing Mr. Weale, after he had given evidence before that body, is severely censured. We must prepare the "Daily News," however, for a bitter disappointment. When the Report is issued no such paragraph will be found in it; although there is a certain ground for their expectation in the fact that such a statement was contained in a report, proposed by Lord Balcarras, a member of the Committee, but never adopted. It is perhaps as well that the true facts about Mr. Weale should be made public. According to regulations Mr. Weale should have retired in March, 1897, as he was then sixty-five years of age. However, strong representations were made to the Department that Mr. Weale should be retained in his position until he had given evidence before the Museums Committee, which was then about to be appointed. The Treasury were therefore asked to continue the librarian's services until the Committee reported, and to consent to the question of the further continuation of his services being held over. To this request the Treasury acceded, limiting the period of his possible retention to one year. At the end of the session, in 1897, the Committee reported, recommending its reappointment. The appointment of Mr. Weale, therefore, terminated *ipso facto* at the same

time. The suggestion that Mr. Weale was dismissed in consequence of his outspoken evidence is a ridiculous libel invented by his friends.

Our comments upon the recent great fire at Sunderland have not had to wait long for confirmation. The disaster at Norwich on Monday is yet another evidence of the almost criminal neglect that prevails in most provincial towns in this matter of protection from fire. In this case, unhappily, it is not only great private warehouses and shops that have been destroyed. Such things can be replaced; but when the price of neglect is so gross as that of the Norwich Town Council is the irreparable loss of a great public library, containing many rare and unique editions and manuscripts, it is almost time to think of punishing somebody. Of course, it would be unfair to judge our provincial towns generally by Norwich, in which city civic spirit is notoriously at the lowest possible ebb, and whose municipal authorities seem to go upon the principle of shirking every possible responsibility for public services that they can throw upon the shoulders of private limited liability companies, and neglecting the rest. But the destruction of one of our finest provincial libraries through the neglect of the most elementary provision of fire-brigade apparatus should waken the citizens of even such a place to some sense of public duty, and should certainly act as a warning to other towns which would be in no better case in the event of an outbreak.

The Belgian and German treaties, which for thirty years have ruined every endeavour towards the closer commercial relations of the British Empire, expired on Sunday night last. As Canada was directly instrumental in inducing the Imperial Government to denounce these disabling compacts, so she lost not a moment on Monday in notifying all whom it might concern that preferential treatment of goods from Great Britain or British possessions, which do not impose protective duties against Canadian produce, was forthwith inaugurated. In the matter of sugar she intimates particularly that it will only be admitted at the preferential rate when satisfactory proof is forthcoming that the sugar is British produce. Canada has thus shown that her interest of the commercial relations of the Empire is of the most practical character. The United Empire Trade League has voiced the feelings of the majority of Englishmen in cabling congratulations to Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the great step forward for which he was primarily responsible. None of the appalling consequences foreshadowed by Lord Ripon have so far even been threatened by Germany or Belgium, and the truth insisted upon in these columns for the past three or four years, is now universally recognised.

Sir George Newnes, Bart., recently presided over a meeting of his many newspaper companies. It seems he has discovered a man called Louis de Rougemont, who has had some strange adventures in Australia; and Sir George Newnes depends upon the recital of these adventures to make the fortune of one of his magazines, and this is the way he puts it:—"Two hundred years ago the events described in 'Robinson Crusoe' took place, and that book is read to-day with avidity. It may be a bold thing for me to say, especially as I, in the natural order of things, cannot live to prove it, but I believe that two hundred years hence Mr. de Rougemont's story will also be read with avidity. And it has a merit beyond that of 'Robinson Crusoe,' because when Daniel Defoe told his story of Alexander Selkirk he drew upon his imagination. I believe that Louis de Rougemont has gone through these experiences, which are far more wonderful than anything which the imagination of even a Defoe could depict. He has been approached already by Madame Tussaud, and he has hardly begun his story." It would be difficult to imagine a more charmingly vulgar, more sweetly stupid argument. Does Sir George Newnes think that the value of "Robinson Crusoe" lies in its strange adventures? All the world knows that the worth of "Robinson Crusoe" is an artistic worth, and lies in the wonderful self-characterisation of the hero—all the world except Sir George Newnes.

BISMARCK THE BARBARIAN OF GENIUS.

SINCE Bismarck died there has been a universal recognition of his genius. Capable writers of all nationalities have agreed that he stands as one of the greatest of the nation-makers with Cromwell and Napoleon and Cæsar, far above such politicians as the Metternichs, Cavour and Gladstones. But in this chorus of praise, unanimous or practically unanimous, in all the Germanic races, and in those who have German blood in their veins, there have been heard some few critical voices, chiefly in France and in Spain. Neither the Germans nor the majority of Englishmen have been able to understand these Latin criticisms of Bismarck. Bismarck has been condemned for various reasons by some of the wisest of Frenchmen. But the Germans and the English have ascribed this condemnation to the wounded feelings of the conquered. "The French," they say, "are not generous enough to honour the greatness of their opponent," and thus the matter is dismissed. But this summary judgment is very unjust to the French, who have admitted Bismarck's power while condemning his morals. To the clear-sighted Latin, Bismarck was a barbarian; a barbarian of genius, of course, but nevertheless a barbarian. Now let us see whether we can find anything justifiable in this French criticism or whether it is wholly unreasonable. "Bismarck," they say, "was a barbarian and not a civilised man. He ate as a barbarian eats; one of his favourite dishes, the German papers tell us, was large mushrooms cooked with much butter and seasoned with quantities of pepper and salt; another of his favourite dishes was pickled pig's feet (Eisbeine), and when he awoke at night and felt hot he thought nothing in his last illness of swallowing a huge plateful of vanilla ice-cream." For these reasons the Latin who believes in moderation and highly cultured senses feels that this man was a savage. "No wonder," they say, "he suffered from indigestion; it would have been a miracle if he had not when he ate like a pig." And his drinking was like his eating. Ever since his student days he loved great *Schoppen* of ice-cold beer, and it was only Schweninger's warnings and the weakness of increasing years that taught him any moderation. But in the heyday of his strength he drank like a savage. The report is still current in Göttingen that on one occasion in his student life he drank eighty-seven Viertel of beer in one evening, or about six gallons; and every one remembers how when he met Jules Favre in 1870 he wanted him to drink a mixture of black beer and champagne that had been stirred up with a red-hot poker. "But it was not only in his eating and his drinking," say the better French critics, "that Bismarck was a savage." In the years when he did most work he used invariably to lie in bed till after twelve o'clock, and he thought nothing of working the whole Foreign Office staff in Berlin till two or three in the morning, thus turning night into day.

And the immoral extravagances of the man's life, the French assert, were matched by his ruthless appeals to brute force and his utter unscrupulousness. Again and again he boasted of how he had welded the German States together on the anvil of war. "No one," he practically said, "wanted the war with Denmark. I made it and I annexed Schleswig-Holstein. Then the weak Emperor shrank from a war with Austria, but I pushed him to the brink, and when he hesitated recalled the Prussian ambassador from Hanover without his consent or knowledge. I risked much, but no one in this world punishes those who have 'the saving virtue of success.' Every one knows the trick by which I got France to declare war in 1870. I have boasted of it. It is a part of modern history. It all comes to this, that I have made Prussia into a great State, and have united Germans under her hegemony at a cost of three wars and fifteen hundred millions of money and a million and a half of human lives."

The French say that all this is immoral and corrupting and unworthy of the nineteenth century, and it would be a bold man who would contradict them; for as Burke said, "nothing absolute can be affirmed on any question of morals or politics." It is difficult to say whether Bismarck ought to be regarded as M. Edouard Drumont declares as "a blood-stained pirate" or should be re-

reenced, as the "Neueste Nachrichten" asserts, as "the creator of modern Germany." His methods, it must be admitted, were those of the pirate; but is not success a "saving virtue?" does or does not the end justify the means? It would seem from the unqualified praise given to Bismarck's career by the Press in this country that the majority of Englishmen at least believe that success is, as Bismarck said it was, "the saving virtue." Another circumstance must, however, be taken into account before we can understand the moral attitude of those who praise Bismarck unconditionally. It is to be expected that they will point to the man's unselfishness, to the fact that he often risked place and honour, and perhaps life itself, in order to accomplish his objects, and in fine declare that the man's aims were pure because he laboured for the aggrandisement of his country rather than for his own self-interest. All this sounds plausible enough. It is, indeed, in strict accordance with our inherited prejudices; but, from the point of view of strict morals, the argument is absurd. Is any object worth attaining by vile means? That is the way the moralist would put the question, and the curious part of the matter is that in practical life he would be answered in the affirmative. It would be well to kill a man even by fraud and force who was going to blow up a ship with one hundred men on board. Pure morals are a mental assumption; they have nothing to do with practical life, as Burke well said. Bismarck is justified by the mere fact that he did bring about the unity of Germany under the headship of Prussia, for we all assume, too heedlessly, perhaps, that success in practical affairs is always based upon a certain moral rightness.

In this case, however, the moral rightness may cheerfully be assumed. The Germans were ready to become a great people. They had mastered more successfully than the English or even the Americans some of the most difficult problems of modern life. The modern world may be said to have begun with the invention of steam, and one of the first consequences of this was the downfall of the apprenticeship system. Feudal relations between the small employer and his couple of hands and his apprentice were impossible in a large factory. But for fifty years Englishmen with their inborn conservatism tried to work with their fathers' methods. But the Germans, better taught and with a higher belief in the value of teaching, instituted technical schools, and solved the modern problem in the modern way. This, indeed, is their chief merit; they believe in mental training, and especially in a scientific education, which neither Englishmen nor Americans as yet value at its true worth. And the consequences of this German faith are multiform. Wherever modern science has changed industries Germans have been the pioneers of the new methods, and modern science is everywhere transforming industries, and so the Germans are rapidly becoming the leaders of modern industrialism. It is scarcely possible to establish a chemical laboratory without German aid, and all chemical products are to be obtained of better quality and more cheaply in Germany than elsewhere. Competent observers tell us that whereas our great iron and steel works have grown up according to rule of thumb without plan or order, the great German iron and steel works have been planned by able scientists and equipped with every labour-saving appliance. The consequence is that the German iron and steel trade has in a bare ten years shot up to an equality with our iron and steel trade—an equality which will certainly soon become an absolute superiority. The Germans, we say again, before Bismarck came were trained and ready to become a great nation, the greatest industrial nation probably of the twentieth century. It was Bismarck's merit to have understood their powers, and to have given to their aspirations accomplishment. His faults are but as the shadows cast by his great virtues. He ate and drank inhumanly, say his critics. It is true enough, but they forget that he had almost superhuman strength and superhuman inflexibility of purpose.

Although we know that it is only to great nations that great men are sent, the *milieu* must be propitious before the plant comes to full size and perfection. We cannot help regretting that no such leader as Bismarck is

given to us English. True, he would probably be scorned in Parliament for his want of debating power, all true enough and sad enough, but if he did come to power what might he not achieve! The sword of England's power is too heavy for the feeble hands that now hold it. With a Bismarck to wield it the result would be astonishing. The first thing he would do, we imagine, would be to spend fifty millions on secondary education and scientific schooling, and so do for England and Englishmen what Von Humboldt did fifty years ago for Germany, with what results the world is beginning to see.

BISMARCK AND WILLIAM I.—THE SERVANT AS MASTER.

IN the "Times" of Tuesday, 2 August, there appeared an article, entitled "Bismarck and William I.," from the pen of Dr. Moritz Busch, which is by far the most important article that has appeared, either in England or in Germany, on the late Prince Bismarck. The fact that the article is a controversial article takes away but little from its unique interest. Dr. Busch has been offended, as all sensible people has been offended, by the foolish efforts of the present German Emperor to make his poor grandfather another Frederick the Great. William the Witless calls William I. William the Great, but that does no harm; every one smiles at the preposterous, futile attempt, and the matter is forgotten till we get another rescript or postscript from the imperial pen. But Dr. Busch, German-like, takes the matter more seriously; he quarrels even with the popular German histories for saying that the German Empire was founded "by" (durch) William I.; he will not have it that the Emperor was even a coadjutor of Bismarck's. *Suum cuique*, and to him the Emperor William I. "shines, like the moon, with a light that is not his own."

All this is amusing and interesting enough, but Dr. Busch excites us to a far higher degree of interest when he shows us that his opinion is but borrowed from Bismarck. Nothing could be more interesting, nothing could be more important as a historical document than the relations between Bismarck and William I. as set forth by Bismarck himself. Needless to say, these conversations of Bismarck reported by Dr. Busch may be taken as absolutely true. Dr. Busch begins at the beginning. He first tells us, in Bismarck's words, that when the Emperor William, as he afterwards was, was not yet Regent, he was quite ready to retire, and to allow Queen Elizabeth to govern through the Ministers. It was Bismarck who persuaded him to send for Manteuffel, the chief intriguer, and forbid him to go on. Then comes another story, which is so incredible that we shall let Dr. Busch tell it in Bismarck's words:—

"Then in Babelsberg when I was summoned to become Minister. In his (King William's) despair he had the text of the act of abdication already signed, and it was not until I had offered to hold out with him even against the Parliament, even against the majority of the House of Deputies, that he tore it up, together with a long list of Liberal concessions which he had also drawn up. He had now regained courage and confidence and a sense of his kingly duty, which till now had seemed pitiful to him in his own pitiful plight. He held fast enough to it afterwards, so that down to his last years my late master sometimes embarrassed me with his sense of duty, as his knowledge of affairs was limited, and it was but slowly that he accommodated himself to what was new."

The next conversation which Dr. Busch reports took place on 11 April, 1877, at Berlin. The subject of this conversation was the Empress Augusta and her steady opposition to Bismarck's policy. Bismarck then gave another illustration of his master's weakness of character: he said:—

"The Emperor is growing old and allows himself to be influenced more and more by her. He never had the strong character which many ascribe to him. I remember yet in the time of the 'conflict,' when things were at their worst, he once came back from his summer holiday at a watering-place where his wife had frightened him about the Opposition. I went to meet him at Jüterbock in the evening, and got into the

carriage with him. He was very much cast down, talked of the scaffold, and thought of abdicating. I said to him that I did not believe things stood in so bad a case, that the Prussians were no Frenchmen, and that instead of thinking about Louis XVI. he ought to remember Charles I., who had died for his honour and his rights. If he was to be beheaded, let him, too, die for his honour and his rights. As for me, I, too, would gladly suffer the same fate if it must be so. There I had caught him by the sword-knot and spoken to him as to a King and an officer. He brightened up, and when we reached Berlin he was again thoroughly reasonable. In the evening he moved about quite cheerfully amongst a large company."

But it was when they proposed to form a Congress of Princes at Frankfort in 1863 that Bismarck had perhaps his hardest struggle. King John of Saxony went to Baden, accompanied by his Minister, Von Beust, to present in the name of the Princes assembled at Frankfort a fresh invitation to King William I. to take part in their labours. "It was literally in the sweat of my brow," said Bismarck, "that I dissuaded him from it." After some conversation, Dr. Busch asked whether the King then really wished to join the other Princes. Bismarck answered, and his talk here is a masterpiece of self-characterisation:—

"Most certainly. With infinite labour I held him fast by the coat-tails. He could not have thought otherwise," he added, "when a king had acted as a sort of courier for his sake. The women were all in favour of it, the Dowager Queen first, Augusta, and the rest of them. I told the Dowager that I would not remain Minister and would not go back to Berlin if the King allowed himself to be won over. Then she said she would be sorry for that, and if that was really my intention she must change hers, and she would then, although greatly against her convictions, work upon her brother-in-law in this direction. Still it was made bitter work enough for me. After the King of Saxony and Beust had been with him he lay on the sofa and cried hysterically, and when I had wrung from him the final letter of refusal I was so weak and tired that I could hardly keep my legs. I reeled as I left the room, and I was in such a state of nervous excitement and exhaustion that as I shut the door to the ante-room I broke the door-handle. The aide-de-camp on duty asked me if I was unwell. 'No,' I answered, 'now I am all right again.' But I told Beust that if necessary I would ask the commander of the Prussian Regiment at Rastatt for men to garrison the house and protect our master from further temptation and injury to his health. Keudell told me (Busch) that the Minister (Bismarck) had also intended to have his Saxon colleague actually arrested in case he came back."

It was on 11 September, 1870, that Bismarck talked to Dr. Busch about his labours in the Schleswig-Holstein business; he said:—

"At last the conversation turned on the policy of former years, and the Chancellor said, 'Still, what I am most proud of is our success in the Schleswig-Holstein business, out of which a diplomatic comedy or intrigue might be made for the stage. Austria, indeed, from what appears respecting her attitude in the records of the Diet of the Confederacy (she was, of course, bound to show some consideration for the latter), was not at first disposed to act with the Augustenberger. Then she wanted to get out of the embarrassment into which she brought herself with the congress of Princes. What I wanted I declared immediately after the King of Denmark's death, in a long speech at a sitting of the Council of State. I wanted the Duchies for Prussia. The protocol had at first left out the most important part of my speech. The writer thought that I had had too much for lunch, and that I should be glad if that part were omitted. I took care, however, that it was re-inserted. But my idea was hard to carry through. Everybody was against it; the Austrians, the English, the Liberal and non-Liberal small German States, the Opposition in the Diet, influential people at Court, the majority of the newspapers. Yes, there were hard battles in those days, and the hardest of all were with the Court and with him too (the King) with his irresolution."

Dr. Busch invites the reader to compare this with the

page of his diary dated 19 October, 1877, which reports a conversation with the Chancellor at Varzin, and which shows how Bismarck persuaded his master. Here is the extract from the diary:—

"We were talking (at dinner) about the outbreak of the war with France, and the chief said, 'When I became Prince they wanted to give me Alsace and Lorraine in my coat of arms. But I would rather have had Schleswig-Holstein there, for that is the diplomatic campaign of which I am most proud.'

"Holstein? You wanted that from the first?"

"Yes," answered the Prince, 'certainly, immediately after the death of the King of Denmark. But it was hard. Everybody was against me on the subject. The Crown Prince and Princess, because of the relationship; at first, and indeed for some time, his Most Gracious himself; also the Austrians, the smaller German States, the English, who grudged it to us. We managed it with Napoleon, who thought to put us under an obligation. Finally, the Liberals at home were against us about it. For once in a way they upheld the right of princes; but that was only out of hatred and envy towards me. The Schleswig-Holsteiners, too, would not have it, and I don't know who besides. We had a sitting of the Council of State then, where I made one of the longest speeches I ever got through, and said a great deal that must have struck those who listened to it as unheard of and impossible. I told the King, for instance, that all his predecessors had added some territory to the State. His late royal brother was the only one who had not done so. Would he, too, act in the same way? To judge by their appearance of astonishment they evidently thought that I had taken too much for lunch. C. was keeping the protocol, and when I examined it I found that just those passages in which I had spoken most plainly and strongly had been left out. I drew his attention to this and complained. Yes, he said, that was quite right, but he thought that I should have been glad to see them left out. I answered, 'Certainly not. You thought perhaps that I had —?' I insist that the words be inserted just as I spoke them.'"

Then comes the world-famous story of how Bismarck tricked the French, and indeed his master too, into the war which gave William I. an empire and Bismarck imperishable renown. Dr. Busch tells the thing in his patient Boswellian way perfectly. His words give again the jerky speed of the great Chancellor's speech. Here is the tale of how the servant mastered the master:—

"On 19 October, 1877, he told us what follows next about the first interview between the King and Benedetti, and then about the further course of events:—

"It was soon observed that the King (I repeat his words exactly as they fell from him and without addition) began to swallow all this, and was ready to pocket another Olmütz. I was then at Varzin, and as I was passing through Wussow, on the way to Berlin, the parson stood at his door and saluted me. I described a sabre cut in the air to show that war was now let loose. But in Berlin the news was not good. I then telegraphed to him (King William) that if he again received Benedetti, I requested my dismissal. As no answer came, I telegraphed that if he had received Benedetti I considered that as equivalent to an acceptance of my resignation. Then came the telegram of 200 lines from Abeken. Thereupon I got Moltke and Roon to a dinner of three, and told them how things stood. Roon was beside himself. So was Moltke ('He suddenly looked very old and infirm,' the Chancellor had observed when he spoke at Versailles of these events). I asked Moltke if he were thoroughly prepared for such a war. He replied that, humanly speaking, we could hope for victory. Then, without altering a word of the King's, I made twenty lines out of the 200 and read it out to them. They said in that shape it would do, and then I sent it to all our embassies—naturally not to Paris—and had it inserted in the Berlin papers, and, in fact, 'it did do.' The French took it excessively ill."

Dr. Busch adds:—

"In view of the importance of this quotation, I wish to be allowed to add another account of the same incident, which completes it, and illustrates more clearly Bismarck's services.

"In my diary I find a conversation at table at Versailles on 19 December, 1870, where these words occur:—

"Geheimrath von Abeken then touched on the incidents which had taken place at Ems shortly before the outbreak of the war, and told us how the King had exclaimed, after a certain dispatch had been drafted, 'Well, now, he (Bismarck) too will be satisfied with us.' 'And, I believe,' added Abeken, 'that you were satisfied.' 'Well,' answered the Chancellor, laughing, 'then you must have deceived yourselves. I mean yes, I was quite satisfied with you. But with our Most Gracious I was not quite satisfied, or rather I was not satisfied at all. He ought to have behaved with more dignity (vornehmer) in the matter, and more firmness. I remember, too,' he went on, 'how I got the news at Varzin. I had already gone out, and when I came back I found the first telegram. Then, as I was going away, I passed our parson in Wussow. He was standing just in front of his door and saluted me. I said nothing to him, and only did so (making a cross cut). 'Charge!' He understood me, and I went on." He told us then about the vicissitudes of the business, until things took a certain turn on which had followed the declaration of war. "I hoped to find another telegram in Berlin in answer to mine, but it was not there. In the meantime I invited Moltke and Roon to dinner in the evening, to talk over the state of things which was steadily causing me more and more anxiety. Then the long new telegram was delivered. As I read it out—there were a good 200 words—they were both regularly startled, and Moltke's appearance suddenly changed—he looked quite old and weary and infirm. It seemed as if our Most Gracious was going to flinch after all. I asked him if everything was in such a state that we might hope for victory. When he answered yes, I said, 'Wait a bit,' put a little table before me, and pulled the message together. I cut down the 200 words to about twenty, but without making any other change or any addition. It was Abeken's telegram, and yet how much shorter, more definite and precise! I handed it over to them and asked, 'How will that work now?' 'Yes, it will work all right,' they said, and Moltke all at once was as young and fresh again as ever. Now he had his war, his trade. And, in fact, it did work. The French took the abbreviated telegram as it appeared in the papers awfully badly, and after a couple of days they declared war against us.'"

We must also add a wonderful letter which was written by Bismarck to his master when nearly all their labours were over, and which we find as characteristic of both men as anything that went before. Here we have an illustration of the habitual deference of manner and fine courtesy which Bismarck used, and perhaps felt towards his master. For after all Bismarck must have known well, even at that time, how rare Emperors were who would let themselves be guided by abler men. He must have known—none better—how seldom it is that a man of small brains and weak character is not obstinate and full of a mistaken dignity; how seldom it is that such a one should have a great loyalty and perfect devotion to a stronger than himself. Here is the letter:—

"Friedrichsruh, 25 December, 1883.

"I respectfully thank your Majesty from my heart for your gracious Christmas present, and especially for the kindly words which accompanied it. They afforded me that complete satisfaction which I should have felt on the Niederwald had I been able to attend the festival. I prize your Majesty's contentment above the favour of all other men. I thank God that He has so attuned my heart that I have been able to content your Majesty, while I have seldom, and but for a brief space, enjoyed the favour of others. But I thank your Majesty, too, for the constancy with which you have always maintained your trust in me, and have remained a gracious master to me for a period of more than twenty years, through times of stress and of peace, without being misled by the attacks of my opponents or by my own well-known failings. Except peace with my own conscience in the sight of God, I need nothing more in this world. The blessing of God has rested on your Majesty's rule, and has given your Majesty this pre-eminence over other monarchs who have achieved great things—that your servants look back upon their service with thankful-

ness towards your Majesty. The steadfastness of the ruler begets and preserves the loyal fidelity of his servants. . . ."

We can only put at the foot of this letter just the epitaph which Bismarck wrote for his own coffin:—

"A true German servant of William I."

The mere words speak volumes. It is only noble, kindly, loyal masters who can use such servants as Bismarck.

THE DUKE'S EDUCATION BILL.

AT last we have been admitted into the secrets of the long-promised Secondary Education Bill. We learn from the Duke of Devonshire that there is to be a central authority for the supervision of both secondary and elementary education, that certain powers hitherto vested in the Charity Commissioners are in future to be exercised by the new Board, and that the responsible Head of the Department is to be called the Minister of Education. These are the main provisions of the Duke's Bill. A more ridiculous sham has never been introduced into Parliament than this so-called measure for the promotion of secondary education. The Bill does absolutely nothing beyond transferring some unimportant functions from one department of the State to another. The rest of the contemplated changes are mere pretence. They simply alter names without in the slightest degree improving the existing order of things. With the solitary exception of the clauses restricting the powers of the Charity Commissioners and transferring them to the Board of Education, there is not an item in the Bill which the Lord President could not have prescribed by a stroke of the pen in the ordinary course of his departmental duties. The Duke is lazy; but he is not incapable. We cannot believe that this absurd piece of legislation which he has introduced is anything more than the merest phantom of his original proposals. Everybody knows that Lord Salisbury, with his feudal instincts, is opposed to any sort or shape of education likely to raise the masses above the convenient sphere in which the beneficial effects of evolution have placed them; and we should find it difficult to name any one of his colleagues who differs from that view. There was a time, certainly, when Mr. Chamberlain entertained liberal opinions upon this subject, but that was long ago, and quite out of line with the game he is playing at present. We will do the Duke the justice, therefore, of supposing that his energies went as far as making a better draft than the puerile measure introduced in the House of Lords, but that they did not extend to attempting to make a stand against Cabinet mutilation. It is a great pity, however, that the Duke's colleagues did not succeed in demolishing the entire structure of the Bill, for the only effective clauses left by them are as bad as they could have been made.

The educational functions exercised by the Charity Commissioners under present conditions are of two kinds. In the first place they are authorised to make new schemes for the conduct of those schools which, by virtue of endowments, are placed under their control. These schemes of reorganization have to be submitted by them to the Education Department for sanction; but the latter can only approve or object—it can neither order a new scheme nor insist upon one being made in the first instance. The second function of the Charity Commissioners consists in the administration of the schemes which have been officially sanctioned. In the Duke's Bill the newly constituted Board of Education will not only have power to compel the Charity Commissioners to frame a scheme, but will virtually usurp the function of administering it. This is in every way undesirable. Hitherto the Charity Commissioners have acted as a buffer behind which the Vice-President has enjoyed a certain amount of shelter. It has been their duty, in dealing with the application of endowments, to decide whether a school be a Church school or an Undenominational school, and to pronounce definitely on many similarly controversial matters. If the new Minister of Education is to be made responsible for these invidious judgments, he will be subjected to the daily battery of rancorous Churchmen of the Lord Hugh Cecil type. It would be far better for the Charity Commissioners to retain the exercise of all

judicial functions, and that the rest of their educational duties should be made transferrable by an Order in Council. This plan would operate beneficially in a twofold manner. The Minister of Education could not be attacked on account of their decisions, and Parliament would consequently be relieved from the perpetual strain of threatened outbursts of religious passion; while, on the other hand, the Charity Commissioners would be placed completely under the thumb of the Education Board, who could at any moment cause one or another of their educational powers to be transferred by an Order in Council to themselves. But these simple points have been either disregarded or overlooked. The only real effects which this Bill will have when passed into law will be the suicidal usurpation on the part of the Education Department of certain functions which have been wisely left to the Charity Commissioners. It is true that the Head of the Board will have power to compel the making of a scheme; but beyond that small increase of authority he will have no more to do with its framing than hitherto. The rest of the Bill is, as we have said, mere bombast. A few names are to be changed, but that is all. The provisions as to abolishing the office of Vice-President are childishly absurd. Things will remain to all practical purposes exactly where they are. We predicted last week that unless the Duke of Devonshire were kept up to the mark by his colleagues there would be no Secondary Education Bill; but, in our wildest flights of imagination, we never anticipated such a complete fiasco as the measure he has actually had the backbone to introduce.

THE BOY BISMARCK.

ACCORDING to most of Bismarck's biographers, his diplomatic and political genius came to him from the mother's side. His maternal grandfather—a descendant of a family of savants, or rather of scholars, the Menckens of Leipzig—is said to have relinquished science to become a political and diplomatic adviser to Frederick the Great and his two immediate successors. Now, apart from its being exceedingly doubtful whether Frederick II. ever took political or diplomatic advice from any one, I have searched the most exhaustive biography of the hero of the Seven Years' War at my command, namely, Carlyle's, and have not found the slightest mention of the Mencken in question. There is a footnote referring to a work by Mencken's father or grandfather, and that is all. Was Mencken a mute, inglorious Richelieu or Talleyrand, and unlike these, content to efface himself to the greater glory of his royal masters?

I do not know; certain is it, however, that Mencken had a clever, attractive and ambitious daughter, so attractive, in fact, as to make Bismarck's father forget all his caste prejudices and offer her marriage. Figuratively speaking, the husband appears to have been all heart like an artichoke, the wife all head like an asparagus. The fourth child of this union was Otto, the future Chancellor, who has just gone to his long rest. Otto had five brothers and sisters, three of whom died when mere infants. Neither his elder brother, Bernhard, nor his younger sister, Malvina, Countess Von Arnim, has ever done anything in the least remarkable. What under such circumstances becomes of the theory of hereditary genius—provided there was any genius in the family? Are we to take it that nature, unwilling to fritter such a precious heirloom, bestows it "in a lump" only upon one of the family, and not always upon the eldest. In such a case nature would be even more unjust than the English law of primogeniture. Personally I am inclined to think that Bismarck's political genius was not at all an inheritance, nor a part of it; that it was individual to him, that it developed comparatively late in life. Moreover, there is little or no evidence of his being conscious in his late boyhood and early manhood of possessing the germs of such genius. Against this statement of mine we have the positive assertion of Bismarck's biographers to the effect that Bismarck's mother not only foresaw her son's future eminence, but his eminence as a statesman. Hannah's invincible belief in Samuel's prospective supremacy over the people of Israel, inspired as that belief was by divine revelation, was as nothing to

Frau Von Bismarck's unalterable confidence in her son's final ascendancy over his fellow-beings. There is, after all, nothing wonderful in that. Experience has taught me and all those who observe more or less keenly that there are a great many more Hannahs than Samuels in this world; and that compared to the still voice of a mother's ambition for a moderately clever lad, the divine assurance is but as a penny tin trumpet to a military orchestra. Unless a babe or an urchin be a thorough idiot such presentiments are sure to exist.

In spite of the hopes built upon him, the boy Otto does not appear to have been distinguished from other lads of his age, except for his being somewhat more of a pickle. Like most children, he was fond of fairy tales, and as a child he had not an atom of guile or craftiness in him. He had a positive dislike to everything underhand, and the visitor to Schoenhaussen is still shown a statue of Hercules that always aroused the lad's anger because it had one hand behind its back. Otto thought that position mean in the extreme, and one day he had a pop at the hand with one of his father's fowling-pieces. The story has been differently told, but that is the correct version. The father was delighted, but the mother was made of sterner stuff, and considered that her boy's way of resenting underhandedness might prove rather expensive in the end. His elder brother had been sent to school several years before, so Otto was dispatched to join him. The Chancellor gave it as his opinion in after days that this early exile from home had not been good for him.

As a general principle, the foreign boy does not look back with fondness on his school days, and Bismarck was no exception, although he was sent to one of the best scholastic institutions of that period. It was not a public gymnasium nor a lyceum, but a private establishment. Nevertheless, an exaggerated Spartan régime appears to have prevailed there, and this notwithstanding the comparatively high fee for boarders—£45 per annum. This was in the early twenties, and if we bear in mind not only the relative value of money then and now, but the fact that even at present money goes a great deal further in Germany than elsewhere on the Continent, not to mention England, we are not far wrong in estimating the cost of Otto's first schooling at £70 of our own current coin.

In return for this sum the boys had the privilege of rising at six in the winter as well as summer. School began at seven, so they had ample time allowed for their toilet, prayers, and breakfast; too much time, if the spare moments were to be devoted to their getting an appetite for their breakfast, inasmuch as that meal at Plamann's consisted of bread and milk, and not too much of those, to judge by the bill of fare of the other meals. The studies were interrupted at ten for half an hour's recreation and a second breakfast, consisting of dry bread and salt, supplemented in the summer with a little bit of fruit. No menu of the dinner is forthcoming, but we are told by Bismarck's old schoolfellow, Krigar, whose booklet is practically unknown in Germany, as well as in England, that "the fare, though simple, was good." Knowing what we do of Bismarck's gastronomical achievements, and having some of the items of the school commissariat before us, we question whether Bismarck could have ever agreed with Krigar's phrase. Krigar's account of Plamann's school, though laudatory in intent, begets the impression that it was a kind of Dotheboys' Hall, coated with a thick layer of pseudo-hygienic observance, and relieved by the unquestionable tutorial ability of the principal. Truly, there was no corporal punishment, but the lads were kept for many hours a day at gymnastics, to such an extent that Bismarck detested gymnastics ever after. In addition to this, Plamann, or rather his wife, did not like the boys "to ask for a second serve."

Bismarck stopped at Plamann's for six years, and throughout his after-life he never ceased to regard his parents' decision in that respect as a great mistake. For he not only objected to the material régime there, but to the moral tone, to the system of teaching, to the importance given to athletics; he objected to the silly mental and bodily self-sufficiency begotten both by the system of teaching and the athletics, and he was not the only one among his eminent contemporaries to notice the

injurious results of those two features. The fact is that Plamann's appears to have been a manufactory for priggish cads, presided over by caddish prigs. Bismarck shared the opinion of Heine with regard to those two detestable figures in modern society, and what Heine thought of them may be read at the beginning of his "Reisebilder."

What disgusted the boy Otto most was the obtrusive Gallophobism, the ostentatious "jingoism," the aggressive democratism of most of his schoolfellows and their teachers. The man who became a greater scourge to the French than Napoleon I. had been to the Germans, the man who proved himself a patriot in the best sense of the word, had from his boyhood an utter abhorrence of the flash imitation and useless parading of patriotism. As for loud, blatant and cheap radicalism, he looked upon it as Wesley would have looked upon the manifestos of the leader of the Salvation Army. Nevertheless, he became by his indomitable pluck the leader at Plamann's school.

After he left Plamann's there was a short spell of tuition at home, but when his brother Bernhard attained his eighteenth year and began his military career, Otto was sent to a real gymnasium, where he began by having such a desperate quarrel with his French master that he abandoned the study of that language and took to English in order not to be under obligations to the Gaul previous to or at the public examinations.

This is the early boyhood of Otto von Bismarck. One day I may be enabled to write the sequel up to his eighteenth year.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

THE BATHER.

IT is still early, but the first frail beauty of the dawn has passed from sky and sea. The sun has struggled upwards through morning mist, as through white fire; and now he stands at gaze above the low Ayrshire hills. His happy touch is everywhere. The wind is from the south in light flaps, so that the small waves of the Firth shuffle gleefully shorewards to break in a quick sparkle of silver. A schooner-yacht is lazily beating up into the wind, tack and tack, and as she goes round her mainsail gleams against the dark coastline of Arran. Above the peaks of that island the grey mist lies flat; yet is the wind busy there, and on the tattered fleece the sun casts a flutter of rainbow tints. Looking southwards and seawards, one finds the horizon perfect—the pale blue of the sky fitted smoothly to the dark blue of the waters. A great serenity is in the air; breadth and brightness satisfy the eye on every side; and between the lustre of sky and sea the south wind blows the salt vigour of the morning.

Into this new-made world steps Adam in a baggy tweed suit. At the edge of the tide, making a ragged line of footprints on the beaten sand, slouches a tall slack figure. As he approaches one can see from his clothes that he has slept uneasily in the open, while from his face one can gather that he has broken his fast on remorse. He has fallen from his high estate. Yesterday, in the Scottish Saturnalia known as "the Games," this man was a mighty champion. The breathless multitude watched him with awe as he swung the heavy hammer or tossed the caber. His praise was upon all men's tongues, and it is now evident that he has also drunk deeply of their whisky. Wherefore he is out of tune with the world. With eyes set on the sand, shoulders rounded, hands deep in empty pockets, he creeps along beside the merry break of the tide. From his feet goes a dark shadow; but the shadow on his spirit is darker. A Celt of the Celts, he has been overtaken this morning with the old black melancholy of his race. Old-fashioned also is his conscience, a monstrous overshadowing Thing with fangs; and he believes in an instant Devil just as surely as he believes in the local Free Church minister. He is wrestling with that Devil even now, and his lips are twitching as in prayer. In answer to my greeting he tosses a vague nod; his thoughts, without doubt, are toiling over hot marle in the Outer Darkness.

Abruptly he stops. Here is the spot where, as a boy, he used to bathe; and remembrance has arrested his footsteps. With a jerk he casts off his jacket, flinging it savagely on the sand. Then his eyes are

held by the two smug, respectable, brand-new villas, set here staringly on the links. For a moment he hesitates; but the blinds in both houses are drawn, the walls of red sandstone stare blindly. So our athlete strips with speed. His slouch is cast aside with his clothes. Marvellous: he stands there in the strong sunlight as white and bright as an angel of the Apocalypse. Who could have dreamed that such a divinity was hidden away under the rough husk that now lies huddled at his feet! His skin is of rose-ivory clearness, and over his brightness flit little shadows as he moves towards the water. On tip-toe, delicately, the bather crosses the wet sand, where his whiteness gleams as in a mirror. An instant he stands, lustrous against the dark waters, while the spread of the tide whitens over his glistening feet. Then, as he wades slowly outwards, the firm lines of his beauty are shaken in the water, and grow dim as, with a mighty overhead stroke, he pushes seaward exultingly.

Still seaward with tossing head and gleaming shoulders; then he turns half a mile away, and his face now shines in the morning sun. More slowly, hand over hand, he draws towards the shore. At last the swimmer is yielded up of the waters, breathless, and crimson from head to heel. He shines like a young god of the ancient world. His remorse and his melancholy have been left in the sea. His conscience and all his fear of the Free Church minister are at rest as now he races, braced and triumphant, along the broad stretch of yellow sand. When he strides towards his clothes, the glitter of the sea-water trickling down his breast is matched by the bright gleam in his eyes. His tongue is loosened; he shouts to me where I lie on the turf.

With something of disdain he looks at the rough clothes at his feet,—the shapeless, the superfluous. Not instantly does he bring himself back from the nude brightness of the god to the squalid dinginess of the costumed man. A long time he sits on the warm sand, tossing pebbles, and humming the gayest of pipe-music. Grudgingly he goes back to the baggy suit and the respectable world. And when at last he sets homeward along the links, one can see that he steps, Highland fashion, to a quick tune. His clothes are the same, but his spirit is as bright as the sword—the sword that his kinsman wore at Culloden; it hangs above his homely fire-place.

HAMISH HENDRY.

AN EVENING WITH BISMARCK.

ON Sunday, 16 March, 1890, Bismarck entertained the English delegates to the International Labour Conference at dinner at the Radziwill Palace, his official residence in the Wilhelmstrasse. The invitation was characteristically German, prescribing the dress that was to be worn—morning coats with black ties. The Radziwill Palace is a large building, situated close to "Unter den Linden," and there are in it, besides the private apartments set aside for the Reichskanzler, the famous Congress hall and numerous other rooms for public use, one of which had been placed at the disposal of the Labour Commission. At about half-past five in the afternoon the delegates presented themselves at the private door attached to the Prince's residence. There were eight of them—Sir John Gorst, M.P., Sir William Houldsworth, M.P., the British Minister at Berne, and five others.

The first impression on entering the Chancellor's reception-room was of the colossal figure of Bismarck, big, burly and upright, with soldierly bearing, and the gigantic proportions of two Danish boarhounds, black and smooth, which stood beside their master. Of these two dogs he was inordinately proud. He kept them in splendid order; they obeyed his lightest word of command and had excellent manners, as a general rule. An amusing exception, however, once occurred while the Labour Commission was sitting. There was an ante-room, in which the delegates used to lunch. At one end there was a sideboard laden with refreshments, while small tables, at which groups of three or four could sit down, were scattered about. One day, during one of these pleasant adjournments, Bismarck, accompanied, as usual, by his two dogs, entered the room where the delegates were making their mid-day meal. Instantly they rose and greeted the Chancellor; the tables were deserted, and everybody

crowded round the veteran statesman to shake hands or obtain an introduction. The attention of their master being thus diverted for a few minutes, the dogs took occasion to trot round and see what was going. They went from table to table and swallowed everything that was to be seen, until there was absolutely nothing left, not even so much as a bone. Bismarck called his pets and went away without the slightest notion of the pranks they had been playing; but the rueful faces of the delegates, when they returned to empty tables and clean-licked plates, can best be imagined.

On the occasion, however, of which we write, nothing of the sort occurred. Near the Chancellor were the interesting figures of Princess Bismarck, a plain, simple old German lady, Count Herbert—then an Under-secretary—a fat, good-natured mediocrity, and Dr. Schweniger. After a short interval dinner was announced, and the Princess, who was the only lady present, was taken in by Sir John Gorst. It is impossible, after the lapse of several years, to recall exactly everything that was said. Bismarck was in excellent spirits, and touched on many subjects. It was perhaps significant that he never once alluded to the topic that must have been uppermost in the minds of his guests, namely, the Labour Conference. Undoubtedly it was a sore point with him. He detested labour questions and social legislation with the full hatred of a feudal baron, being himself a typical representative of the old barbaric territorial aristocracy. On this occasion, as on most others, the Chancellor was dressed in uniform; and he jocularly explained to his English guests that when he went out into the streets so many people took off their hats to him that unless he could adopt a military salute in return he would wear out the brim of his own in one day. Bismarck made most of his remarks in English, which he spoke very well, using a rich vocabulary and choosing his words with judgment. The only defects were a slowness of speech and a slight accent.

When dinner was over everybody, according to German custom, adjourned to the reception-room. There they stood talking for some minutes, until Bismarck suddenly exclaimed, "My doctor Schweniger here says it is a bad thing to stand after a meal, so let us all sit down." There was a long table in the room at which he made his guests seat themselves, taking himself the chair at the head of it. Pipes and cigars were brought and a plentiful supply of beer; and a rack containing several ready-filled pipes was placed behind the Chancellor. Princess Bismarck did not leave the room, but sat apart working quietly, like every other good Hausfrau, at some knitting or embroidery.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Bismarck was abrupt or rude in his manner of addressing people. His conversation was blunt and honest; there was a bluff, dry kind of humour in much that he said; and he possessed that curiously original faculty of pouncing on the disagreeable truth. But he was always courteous and full of tact and consideration. He discussed English politics, and talked a good deal about Beaconsfield. Of course he objected to our parliamentary system, and did not hesitate to say so. He said that Ministers in this country were entirely handicapped by the ignorant clamour of the people on whose votes they depended. But although he talked freely about the personalities of our political world, he never once alluded to Lord Randolph Churchill, who, it will be remembered, had not long before kicked over the traces. There is no doubt that for some reason, probably on account of the Tory leader's strong democratic tendencies, Bismarck detested Lord Randolph Churchill. In fact, when Lord Randolph once solicited an interview with the Chancellor in Berlin, it was refused him point-blank.

In the middle of this interesting political talk Bismarck was suddenly called away by a servant. With a brief "Excuse me, I am wanted for a moment," he left the room. The guests rose from the table and went over to where the Princess was sitting. They were due at a party at the British Embassy and wished to leave as early as was consistent with politeness. But minute after minute went by, and Bismarck did not return. They waited a long time in vain, and then, wishing the

Princess good-night, begged Count Herbert to excuse them to his father. On their way to the hall the departing guests passed through an ante-room in which they came upon the Chancellor, who was conversing with two officers in uniform. Bismarck thereupon rose and wished them good-bye, exclaiming how much he regretted having been obliged to leave them. "But these gentlemen," he explained, indicating the two officers, "have come from my master, the Emperor, with an important message." There was nothing in Bismarck's manner, soldierlike and reserved, nor in the impenetrable composure of his face that indicated anything unusual having taken place. But can any one doubt, who closely followed the events of that critical period in the history of the German Empire, that on that evening, quietly spent in the courteous entertainment of his English guests, Bismarck received his dismissal from the Kaiser?

THE STATE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR FOR THE YEAR 1897.

IN the issue of this Review for 26 February last there appeared an article setting forth at some length the state of things which, during the last few years, has been gradually obtaining at Trafalgar Square. In the course of that article the various annual reports which have been returned since Sir Edward Poynter succeeded to the Directorship of the National Gallery on 8 May, 1894, were examined categorically, and the portions of them which related to the purchase of additional pictures were discussed in detail. The conclusions at which we arrived in that article were briefly these: Since Sir Edward Poynter has assumed the Directorship of the Gallery no picture of first-rate importance has been added to the collection, with the exception of the pictures acquired from Lord Northbrook and Lord Ashburnham, the negotiations for which were begun, if not concluded, by the late Director. On the other hand, a large number of third and fourth-rate pictures have been bought for small sums. These, for the most part, are either works of masters already well or better represented in the Gallery, such as No. 1461, by Matteo di Giovanni, or No. 1479, by Hendrik van Avercamp; or they are works which are not finely characteristic of their painters, as No. 1465, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, or No. 1476, by Andrea Schiavone; or they are works of inferior painters who have no place in a gallery of the great masters, as No. 1416, by Filippo Mazzola, No. 1437, by Barnaba da Modena, No. 1438, Milanese School, or No. 1466, by Lelio Orsi; or lastly, they are worthless pictures masquerading under great names, such as No. 1429, attributed to Canale, No. 1431, attributed to Perugino, and No. 1458, attributed to Cotman. In other words, it was shown that no less a sum than £2830 had been thrown away on spurious pictures, and that a further sum of £1252 12s. 6d. had been squandered on artistically valueless paintings, or on works by men who were already well represented in the Gallery. Now it would be impossible to bring a graver charge than this against the director of a public gallery; yet no attempt was made to answer that article for the most cogent of reasons. The article was unanswerable—wholly unanswerable, from the first to the last item which it contained. It was written, we submit, with impartiality, and so far as it was possible not from a point of view of personal taste, but upon such grounds as all serious students of painting have in common.

Since that article appeared, a fourth report has been issued by Sir Edward Poynter for the year 1897. We propose to examine it in the same manner as we have already examined the previous one. The new report, which is of considerable length, is chiefly taken up with an account of the munificent gifts of Sir Henry Tate to the nation, of the transference of the Chantry and other pictures to the new gallery of British art, and of various bequests and donations. During the year, however, the Director has succeeded in purchasing four additional pictures for the National Gallery. Of the first of these, No. 1495, "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," by Ludovico Mazzolino, purchased from Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons for £350, we have already expressed an opinion to which we have nothing to add.

We pointed out that this Ferrarese painter—whose character as an artist Morelli pithily sums when he speaks of him as a "favourite of the Roman Monsignori," was already abundantly represented in the National Gallery by three good examples, Nos. 82, 169, and 641. The new example of this unimportant painter of enlarged miniatures is inferior to any one of the three pictures already in the Gallery: on what possible grounds, then, can the Director defend the purchase of this fourth panel?

The second picture, No. 1496, said to be a portrait of Edmund Butts, by John Bettes, was purchased at the sale of the late Mr. George Richmond, R.A., for £462. The report adds that "into the back of the panel a piece of painted wood has been inserted, inscribed with the words *faict par Johan Bettes Anglois*; it is conjectured that this originally appeared on the face of the picture, which has been reduced in size." If this head, individual in conception, masterly in execution, and vigorous, almost crude, in colour, be really a work by the painter John Bettes, to whom Meres and Heydock have left a passing allusion, we possess in it a document of no slight value in the elucidation of that fine, but little-understood school of painters in England who ever held "Holbein's manner of limning for the best." But, however that may be, the picture is a work of art, worthy of a place in our national collection; and it has been acquired at a price which is not excessive.

No. 1615, a portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie, by George Romney, was purchased from the Rev. Sir Frederick L. Currie, Bart., of Uckfield, Sussex, for the very large sum of £3500. Romney received 60 guineas for this picture in 1789. It now hangs in the National Gallery, between two of Gainsborough's finest pictures, the portrait of Mrs. Siddons and "The Parish Clerk." A more striking proof could not be found than these three pictures afford, of how empty, slovenly and inartistic, Romney could be in his less fortunate moments; of how great a gulf is fixed between him, as a painter, and Gainsborough. Sir Edward Poynter has elected to buy a Romney at a moment when his pictures are the fashion: when they realise prices out of proportion to their artistic value. If it was necessary to buy such a picture at such a time, surely the greatest good judgment and taste should have been exercised in order to acquire a work which would be characteristic of the painter at his best. This portrait of Mrs. Currie, on the contrary, is most aptly characterised by the slang word, "pot-boiler." The hands and arms, especially the right arm, are wretchedly ill-drawn, there is no figure under the ill-designed folds of the white dress, the suggestion of a landscape to the left is without meaning, the paint is wanting in quality; in short, the whole picture is nothing more or less than a pretty "pot-boiler." There is another unfortunate circumstance about this portrait: the head and shoulders might almost be a repetition, though a very inferior one, of another picture by Romney, already in the Gallery, No. 1068, "The Parson's Daughter." Surely, of the innumerable paintings by Romney, which exist throughout the country, it would have been possible to secure for the National Gallery one which would have showed at their best his qualities of design and handling. At the sale of Mr. Long's pictures only a few years ago, for instance, the famous picture of Lady Hamilton as "Sensibility" sold for 2900 guineas, and the still more ambitious painting of Lady Hamilton as "Circe" for 3850 guineas. In comparison with either of these pictures, the price paid for this portrait of Mrs. Currie was, commercially, very high; artistically, exorbitant. For a somewhat smaller sum, if our memory does not deceive us, the priceless portrait by Holbein, which passed last year from the collection of Sir J. E. Millais to the Berlin Gallery, might have been acquired for our national collection.

The last picture named in this Report is No. 1653, a portrait of Madame Vigée Le Brun by herself, which was purchased in London from Mr. S. T. Smith for £600. "One may well hesitate," observes the art critic of the "Daily Telegraph," "to believe that this is the identical picture that the brilliant Frenchwoman painted of herself in emulation of Rubens's 'Chapeau de Paille,' and which has been rendered so popular by a

brilliant engraving." One may, indeed! But surely no serious student of painting could be expected to waste his time in endeavouring to elucidate the point whether it is a replica or a copy. Replica or copy, it is a skilful work of the plum-box order, and an admirable example of how to paint without the least trace of style, quality, beauty, or distinction of any kind. Of all the portraits which Madame Le Brun painted of herself—and she painted herself many times—the most popular and attractive is the picture in the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence. In that painting she simulates, with considerable success, the kind of style which Greuze invented, but without any of the execution of which Greuze was so accomplished a master. This semblance of distinction, which excuses in some degree the picture in the Uffizi, is wholly wanting in the portrait lately acquired for the Gallery. It is astonishing, not to say ludicrous, that though the larger number of the great French masters, from Watteau to J. F. Millet, are still unrepresented in our National Gallery, the Director could find nothing better to purchase than a work, which at the best is but the feeble performance of a pretty woman. Are we to look forward to the acquisition during the current year of some important work by Angelica Kauffmann?

The conclusion of the matter is, briefly stated: during the past year, the sum of £4450 has been wasted on three pictures which ought never to have been admitted into the National Gallery.

WORDS FOR PICTURES.—III.

"L'OISEAU BLEU," A PAINTING ON SILK, BY CHARLES CONDER.

OVER them, ever over them, floats the Blue Bird, and they, the *ennuyées* and the *ennuyants*, the *ennuyantes* and the *ennuyés*, these Parisians of 1830, are lolling in a charmed, charming circle, whilst two of their order, the young Duc de Belhabit et Profil-Perdu with the girl to whom he has but recently been married, move hither or thither vaguely, their faces upturned, making vain efforts to lure down the elusive creature. The haze of very early morning pervades the garden which is the scene of their faint aspiration. One cannot see very clearly there. The ladies' furbelows are blurred against the foliage, and the lilac-bushes loom through the air as though they were white clouds full of rain. One cannot see the ladies' faces very clearly. One guesses them, though, to be supercilious and smiling, all with the curved lips and the raised eyebrows of Experience. For, in their time, all these ladies, and all their lovers with them, have tried to catch this same Blue Bird, and have been full of hope that it would come fluttering down to them at last. Now they are tired of trying, knowing that to try were foolish and of no avail. Yet it is pleasant for them to see, as here, others intent on the old pastime. Perhaps—who knows?—some day the bird will be trapped. . . Ah, look! Monsieur Le Duc almost touched its wing! Well for him, after all, that he did no more than that! Had he caught it and caged it, and hung the gilt cage in the boudoir of Madame la Duchesse, doubtless the bird would have turned out to be but a moping, drooping, moulting creature, with not a song to its little throat; doubtless the blue colour is but dye, and would soon have faded from wings and breast. But see! Madame la Duchesse looks a shade fatigued. She must not exert herself too much. And the magic hour is all but over. Soon there will be sunbeams to dispel the dawn's vapour, and the Blue Bird, with the sun sparkling on its wings, will have soared out of our sight. *Allons!* The little rogue is still at large.

"THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER, THE DOMINICAN, 1252," A PAINTING BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

"*Credo in Dominum*" were the words this monk wrote in the dust of the high-road, as he lay a-dying there of Cavina's dagger, and they, according to the Dominican record, were presently washed away by his own blood—"rapida profusio sui sanguinis delevit professionem suæ fidei." Yet they had not been written in vain. On Cavina himself their impression was less delible, for did he not submit himself to the Church, and was he not, after absolution, received into that grey monastery which his own victim had founded?

Here, before this picture by Bellini, one looks instinctively for the three words in the dust. They are not yet written there; for scarcely, indeed, has the dagger been planted in the Saint's breast. But here, to the right, on this little scroll of parchment that hangs from a fence of osiers, there are some words written, and one stoops to decipher them . . . JOANNES BELLINUS FECIT. Now, had the Saint and his brother Dominican not been waylaid on their journey, they would have passed by this very fence, and would have stooped, as we do, to decipher the scroll, and would have wondered, doubtless, who was Bellinus, and what it was that he had done. And well might they have wondered, for Bellini was but born two centuries later. But the two monks were not destined to be confronted with this curious screech. The two woodmen and the shepherd in the olive-grove by the road-side, the two cowherds by the well, yonder—they have seen the screech, I dare say, but they are not scholars enough to have read its letters. Cavina and his comrade in arms, lying in wait here, probably did not observe it, so intent were they for that pious and terrible Inquisitor who was to pass by. How their hearts must have beat when they saw him, at length, with his companion, coming across that little arched bridge from the town—a conspicuous, unmistakable figure, clad in the pied frock of his brotherhood and wearing the familiar halo above his closely-shorn pate. How tightly they must have set their teeth and gripped their weapons, as they stepped back a little further into the shadow!

Cavina stands now over the fallen Saint, planting the short dagger in his heart. The other Dominican is being chased by Cavina's comrade, his face wreathed in a rather foolish smile, his hands stretched childishly before him. Evidently he is quite unconscious how grave his situation is. He seems to think that this pursuit is merely a game, and that if he touch the wood of the olive-trees first, he will have won, and that then it will be his turn to chase this man in the helmet. Or does he know perhaps that this is but a painting, and that his pursuer will never be able to strike him, though the pursuit be kept up for many centuries? In any case, his smile is not at all seemly or dramatic. And even more extraordinary is the behaviour of the woodmen and the shepherd and the cowherds. Murder is being done within a yard or two of them, and they pay absolutely no attention. It is impossible that they do not see and hear what is being done. Why then do they not interfere? If they sympathised with Cavina's view of the Inquisition they would surely stand round and applaud him. It must be that they are simply indifferent. How Tacitus would have delighted in this example of the "*inertia rusticorum*!" It is a great mistake to imagine that dwellers in quiet districts are more easily excited by any event than are dwellers in packed cities. On the contrary, the very absence of "sensations" produces an atropie of the senses. It is the constant supply of "sensations" which creates a real demand for them in cities. Suppose that in our day some specially obnoxious County Councillor were to be martyred "at the corner of Fenchurch Street," and, taking out a pencil, were to scribble "*I believe in Progress*" on the pavement, how the "same old crush" would be intensified! But here, in this quiet glade 'twixt Milan and Como, on this quiet, sun-steeped afternoon in early Spring, with a horrible outrage being committed under their very eyes, these callous clowns pursue their absurd avocations, without so much as resting for one moment to see what is going on.

Cavina plants the dagger methodically, and the Inquisitor himself is evidently filled with that intense self-consciousness which sustains all martyrs in their supreme hour and makes them, it may be, insensible to actual pain. One feels that this martyr will write his motto in the dust with a firm hand. His whole comportment is quite exemplary. What irony that he should be unobserved! The martyrdom is, one must confess, a failure. Even we, posterity, think far less of St. Peter than of Bellini when we see this picture; St. Peter is no more to us than the blue harmony of those little hills beyond, or than that little sparrow perched on a twig in the foreground. After all, there have been so many martyrs—and so many martyrs named Peter—but so few great painters. Is not every human creature more

or less a martyr? Here, on the road 'twixt Milan and Como, is but one of them. And thus we see that the little screed on the fence is no mere vain anachronism. It is a sly, rather malicious symbol. PERIIT PETRUS: BELLINUS FECIT, as one might say.

MAX BEERBOHM.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN spite of the holidays the Stock Market has not been so dull during the week as might have been expected. The arrangement of an armistice between Spain and America seems now only a question of a few days, and will soon be followed by a definite treaty of peace. Consequently there has been greater confidence, although the rumour of further serious trouble in the Far East must be taken into account in estimating the future course of the market. International securities were noticeably firm on Tuesday and Wednesday, Spanish Fours and Egyptian Unified improving materially, but on Thursday the news of M. Pavloff's resumption of his former rôle at Peking, coupled with the remembrance of Lord Salisbury's indefinite menace on Monday, caused a certain dullness which is likely to continue until more reassuring intelligence is to hand. Home Railways have been a firm market since operations were resumed on Tuesday, and Americans have also been fairly strong. In the Industrial Market business remains almost at a standstill. Kaffirs have been the busiest market and satisfactory advances have been established throughout the list. The buying from Paris has been of considerable extent, and contrary to the statements made in some quarters it is of the genuine investment order and is not engineered by the "big houses." Rhodesian shares have also improved and it is generally expected that there will be a small boom in this market when the Geelong and other crushings which are shortly expected are announced. The Westralian Market is still lethargic, although a spasmodic attempt has lately been made to galvanise it into activity.

The Bank Rate was not raised on Thursday, and so remains at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the weekly return indicates with sufficient clearness that a period of dearer money is at hand. At the same period last year the rate was only 2 per cent. and the ratio of reserve to liabilities 50 per cent. This week the ratio has fallen $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $44\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The holiday drain has caused large withdrawals of gold from the Bank, and harvest requirements have had the same effect, so that in spite of the arrival of £130,000 in gold from abroad the total gold and bullion is £805,948 less. It looked at one time as if the expected drain of gold to the United States was beginning in earnest, for the American Exchange is considerably lower than is usual at this period of the year, when there is generally a fall. Last year at the end of July the sixty-day rate was \$4.86 $\frac{1}{2}$. On Thursday it had fallen as low as \$4.83 $\frac{1}{2}$. The sight rate is now very near the point when gold shipments become profitable, and if the fears of trouble in the Far East become more pronounced dearer money may almost immediately become a reality. Money for short loans is, however, still very abundant, and the discount rate for three months' fine bills remains at $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{9}{16}$, the same as last week.

Spanish Four per Cents, which at one time during the war fell as low as 29 $\frac{1}{2}$, are now well over 40, and since the "bears" have not yet all covered their commitments a further rise is probable as the peace negotiations approach a satisfactory conclusion. With the end of the war the finances of Spain, if there is any capable financier to be found amongst Spanish statesmen and there is no revolution as a consequence of the failure of Spanish arms, may be placed upon a more satisfactory footing than has been possible for many years. With the cessation of the enormous drain of treasure to Cuba, the effect of which, it would seem, has been mainly to enrich Spanish officers and administrators, the payment of the interest on the debt should become an easy matter, and since it seems probable that whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Philippines, the United States will lend its assistance to quell the

insurrection there, a further relief of Spanish finances will also ensue. It is possible, moreover, that the lesson of the war will arouse the easy-going Spaniard to make an effort to secure a more efficient administration of his national affairs at Madrid without going to the length of a revolution. At the end of the nineteenth century even the backward Spaniard must have begun to realise that it is not the form of Government, but the ability and honesty of the administration, which makes the difference between national prosperity and national decay. The general outlook is on the whole favourable to the maintenance of the present dynasty in Spain. The Republicans are without a leader and without a policy, and the Carlists would probably have made some sign before now if they had felt themselves strong enough. No one quite believes that they would have been restrained from attacking the present Government by lofty patriotic motives if they had not been conscious of their own weakness. Hardy speculators who can afford to wait, and who think that calamity may have taught the Spanish people a severe but useful lesson, might do worse than buy a four per cent. security which stands at 40. The interest has been regularly paid since 1892, and in the case of the sealed bonds at any rate the payment of the next coupon seems secure. The highest price of Spanish Fours in 1897 was 64 $\frac{1}{2}$, the lowest 58 $\frac{1}{2}$. During the present year the highest price touched has been 62 $\frac{1}{2}$.

In estimating the dividend prospects of the London, Chatham and Dover Company about a month ago we ventured to anticipate that a dividend of 3 per cent. on the Second Preference Stock for the year was fairly certain. Unfortunately our forecast was not quite accurate. Instead of 3 per cent. the Company is only able to pay $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the Second Preference after paying the full dividend of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the First Preference, and to carry forward £925. This, however, is already a great improvement on last year, when only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid on the Second Preference, and a still greater on the preceding years, since no dividend had been paid at all on this stock since its creation in 1882 until 1897. Our estimate was based on a net increase in profits of £6000 for the year ending June 30 last, but the Chatham Company, like most other railway companies, though not to so great an extent, has suffered from increased working expenses, and the actual net increase in profits for the half-year amounted to only £2500. The working expenses for the half-year were 57.89 per cent. of the gross receipts as compared with 57.29 per cent. Nearly half of the gross increase in expenditure is, however, attributed to the increased coal-bill, due to the strike in South Wales, and since not quite £9000 is required to pay 1 per cent. on the Second Preference, the shareholders will no doubt be interested to learn that the South Wales colliers have deprived them of an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of dividend which could easily have been paid if the Company had not had to pay £6000 more for its coal. To pay the full dividend on the Second Preference will require a further increase during the present year of £15,000 in the net profits. As the total increase in net earnings during the past twelve months has been £12,500, in spite of the increased coal bill, it seems quite probable that next August the Second Preference will receive its full dividend of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., apart from any benefit the Chatham Company may receive from the new working agreement with the South Eastern. The present price of the stock seems, therefore, fully justified.

At the Chatham meeting on Wednesday, the Chairman, Mr. J. S. Forbes, spoke very hopefully with regard to the new arrangement, and made it clear that it is only the first step towards the complete amalgamation of the two companies. This is good news for the public as well as for the shareholders, since the permission of Parliament will be necessary for the complete amalgamation of the two undertakings, and this will assuredly not be given unless the agreement now arrived at is productive of material benefit to the travelling public, both in the shape of improved accommodation and cheaper fares. The London, Chatham and Dover Company has been making an effort for some time past to remove from itself the reproach of

being one of the worst lines in the kingdom. It has, for instance, just spent £110,000 on new rolling stock. But, as Mr. Forbes put it, the Company has been "wretchedly poor" for years, and it has not been the will to make improvements but the money that has been lacking. With the economies in management which will result from the new working agreement, and the better prospects which have already begun for the Chatham line, the means should now be forthcoming, and the experience of the Northern lines shows that any improvement of accommodation and cheapening of fares speedily leads to increased profits. Although, therefore, at first a good deal of money may have to be spent, it is not being too sanguine to anticipate that in a few years the holders of Ordinary Chatham Stock may at last pocket a dividend. It is true that to pay 1 per cent. on the Ordinary requires £112,000, and at the present rate of increase this extra profit will not be earned yet for nine or ten years. But under the new conditions, and with the progressive management that is now at work, the advance should be much more rapid.

The South Western Railway meeting on Thursday had to listen to the same tale of increased traffic receipts eaten up by still more considerably increased working costs that has been told of late to so many meetings of railway shareholders. In spite of the war, which, by stopping the sailing of the American liners from Southampton seriously affected the business of the Company, the gross receipts for the half-year show an increase of £29,690, although the comparison is with the half-year of 1897, when the Jubilee celebrations largely increased the takings of the Company. The working expenditure, however, increased £69,665 and the proportion of expenses to gross receipts from 55·93 to 58·69 per cent. The principal reason for this increase is said to have been, as in the case of the Chatham Company, the high price of coal caused by the strike in South Wales. The South Western Company has been unfortunate, for the reduction of the half-yearly dividend from 5½ to 5 per cent. cannot be set down to the lack of efficient and energetic management. The steady progress made by the line is sufficient proof to the contrary. With the cessation of the war, the opening of the Waterloo and City Railway, and the various improvements in the system which are rapidly approaching completion, the current half-year should in part at least retrieve the temporary set-back of the first six months.

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 3 August.	Yield p. c. £ s. d.
Great Northern "A"	2½	52	4 6 6
Great Northern Deferred	2½	55½	4 1 5
Brighton Deferred	7	175½	3 19 10
Caledonian Deferred	2½	56½	3 15 6
Midland Deferred	3	90½	3 14 7
North Eastern	6½	177½	3 11 9
Great Western	6	167½	3 11 7
South Eastern Deferred	3½	110½	3 9 11
Brighton Ordinary	6½	186	3 9 10
North Western	7½	204½	3 9 8
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5½	149	3 8 9
South Western Deferred	3	89½	3 7 0
Caledonian Ordinary	5½	154	3 6 6
Great Northern Preferred	4	121	3 6 1
South Eastern Ordinary	4½	153	3 4 6
South Western Ordinary	7	220	3 3 7
Great Eastern	3½	120½	2 17 10
Midland Preferred	2½	87½	2 16 11
Metropolitan	3½	133½	2 16 2
Great Central Preferred	1½	63	2 7 7

The Great Northern dividend announcement of 3 per cent. per annum on the Undivided Ordinary, which is equivalent to 2 per cent. on the Preferred Converted and 3 per cent. on the "B" stock for the half-year, with a balance of £37,000, £21,000 of which goes to reserve until the end of the year and £16,000 is carried forward, was better than the market expected, although the amount reserved is equivalent to a dividend of only ¼ per cent. for the half-year on the Deferred and "A" stocks, whereas in the June half of last year the sum

reserved was equivalent to ½ per cent. The Great Northern had a reported gross increase in traffic receipts of £89,000 for the half-year, and, since the new capital charges absorb about £22,000 and the balance forward by £10,400 more, it is evident that the growth of working expenditure on this system also has been important. The Great Western announcement on Thursday was quite a shock. Every one knew that the receipts had been largely diminished by the South Wales coal strike, but no one was prepared for so big a drop in the dividend as that from 4½ in the June half of 1897, with £16,000 forward, to 2½ per cent., with £24,400 forward. The London and North-Western dividend of 6½ per cent., also declared on Friday, was also viewed with disfavour, as it is ½ per cent. less than last year, in spite of a reported gross increase in receipts of £161,000.

The reorganization scheme of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to which we referred at length in our columns some time ago, will soon be an accomplished fact. It is announced that as the holders of more than 93½ per cent. of the outstanding bonds and more than 73 per cent. of the stocks affected by the scheme have signified their consent, the plan is declared operative. The time for the deposit of further bonds and stocks without extra charge has been extended to 20 August. After that date deposits of bonds and stocks will be accepted only on payment of \$2 per share deposited. Similarly, unpaid coupons and claims for interest not deposited before 20 August will be accepted, if at all, only upon such terms as the managers may impose.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR SCARE AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 3 August.	Difference.
Atchison and Topeka	13½	13½	...
Central Pacific	14½	17½	+3½
Chicago and Milwaukee	99½	103½	+4
Denver	13½	12½	-1
Illinois Central	109½	110	+½
Louisville	58½	55½	-3
New York Central	112½	122	+9½
North Pacific Preference	68½	74½	+6
Pennsylvania	60	60½	+½
Wabash Preference	19½	20½	+1

The revelations which were promised by Mr. Hooley have proved startling enough, though not quite in the way which was expected. It is not the Fourth Estate which has suffered so much as the House of Lords. Even those most cognisant of the ways of the City opened their eyes with amazement when they read of the sums paid by Mr. Hooley to the various noble lords who graced the front pages of his prospectuses. Other company promoters, too, must have felt that he had rather spoiled their market, or would have done so had he not very considerably depreciated the value of the commodity by his disclosures. For some time to come the public will look with suspicion on the appearance of a peer's name in a prospectus, and the income of certain noble houses will be materially diminished. A number of industrious gentlemen, half-pay officers and the like, who oscillate between the best clubs and the City, and who openly undertake, for a consideration, to provide for a prospectus a duke, an earl, a viscount, a baronet, or merely an Honourable, according to the sum available or the size of the capital of the company, will also for a time have to supplement their incomes in some other way.

But the effect of Mr. Hooley's disclosures will not last long. The public still dearly loves a lord, and it argues an almost touching faith in the virtue of our aristocracy that investors should place such a high value on a peer's name as an ornament to a prospectus. So long as that faith endures the House of Lords may be considered unassailable, and so long also as the general high level of English public life is maintained, so long also will the black sheep of the aristocracy be able to sell their names to company promoters at a high price, for it is certain that the pride of caste and the influences of environment and education will still

prevent the majority of the peers from selling themselves to the highest bidder in the City. For the evil disclosed by Mr. Hooley's revelations we see only one remedy. We protect ourselves from corruption in high places by paying large salaries to all important officials in order that they may not be tempted to betray their trust. To arrest the corruption of our aristocracy by the company promoter it is clear, therefore, that payment of the members of the House of Lords must take its place in the Radical programme alongside the payment of members of the House of Commons. Every impecunious peer who applies for it should be assured an income commensurate with the position he has to maintain in society. Not otherwise can the demand of the Radical papers for an immediate remedy be met. None of the legal enactments against bribery for which they cry would be of the slightest use. The company promoter who wishes to bribe a lord or any one else will soon find a way to evade the law.

It remains true, however, amid all the scandal, that the most striking feature of Mr. Hooley's statements is the unnecessary lavishness of generosity they reveal. In Mr. Hooley's hands money seems to have lost its value, and he paid enormous sums for services and names which he could have obtained at a much lower price. There are many noblemen of considerable business ability who would have been glad to place their services at Mr. Hooley's disposal for merely the directors' fees, provided the undertakings they were asked to join were sound. It is not disputed that most, if not all, of the companies promoted by Mr. Hooley took over businesses that were sound and prosperous. With greater circumspection and frugality on his part they need not have been over-capitalised as most of them were, and they would now probably all be prosperous undertakings. Mr. Hooley's downfall has many morals, and there are plenty of Pharisees ready to expound them. We do not care to enter their ranks. It will be sufficient if his revelations teach the investing public to pay more attention to the inside of a prospectus than to the costly gilding of the front page.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 3 August.	Yield per cent. s. d.
Bovril Deferred.....	5	100	8 17 9
Do. Ordinary	7	1	7 0 0
Linotype Deferred (£5) ..	9	7	5 18 0
Mazawattee Tea	8	100	5 16 4
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	20	5 12 11
Spiers & Pond (£10) ..	10	18	5 11 1
Linotype Ordinary (£5) ..	6	50	5 4 4
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	50	5 2 1
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 ⁽¹⁾	2	5 0 0
Bryant & May (£5) ...	17½	18½	4 18 7
Harrod's Stores	20	40	4 16 11
Jay's	7½	100	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10) ...	17½	38	4 12 1
Swan & Edgar	5	100	4 8 10
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7½	17	4 8 2
Jones & Higgins	9½	24	4 4 5
J. & P. Coats (£10) ...	20	61	3 5 7

(¹) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

We learn that an important amalgamation is on the eve of being arranged between the Roodepoort United Main Reef and the Roodepoort Deep. The former Company is now earning good and regular profits, and last year paid dividends amounting to 40 per cent. Great improvements are at present being made in the management of the mine under the supervision of Mr. George Albu, and it is expected that by more careful sorting the yield per ton can be largely increased, and our estimate of the probable dividend for 1897, given in our usual table, will probably be surpassed. The Roodepoort Deep, on the contrary, has never been successful, owing to the former very unsatisfactory management of the mine. The present shaft is entirely useless, and in order to put the mine into working order a large sum of money would have to be spent in sinking a new shaft and carrying on proper development work. As the property forms the natural deep level of the United Roodepoort Mine, and could be

economically worked in the ordinary course of that Company's operations, the suggestion that the two companies should amalgamate has been received with much favour. The details of the scheme are almost agreed upon. The United Main Reef will probably increase its capital from £150,000 to £250,000 by the creation of 100,000 new shares, which will be exchanged for the Roodepoort Deep shares in the proportion of two to three. The forty-stamp mill of the deep level will then be combined with the seventy-stamps of the United Roodepoort, and set to work on ore from the latter Company's mine. Large profits can thus be earned, and since the life of the combined properties will be a long one, and the reef, though thin, is undoubtedly rich, the new company will probably take a front place amongst the producing mines of the Rand. Mr. George Albu's presence in South Africa has resulted in much benefit to several properties, notably to the Van Ryn, and his efforts in this case seem likely to lead to an equally successful conclusion.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES.
OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 3 August.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield. Per Cent.
	Per Cent.		Years.	
Pioneer (²)	500	11½	1	50
Rietfontein A.	35	11½	30	17
Van Ryn	40	2	12	13
Comet	50	3½	18	10½
Henry Nourse (¹)	150	10½	12	10
Glencairn	35	2	11	9
Ferreira	350	26½	17	8
Treasury (⁶)	12½	3½	13	8
Ginsberg	50	2	8	8
Jumpers (⁴)	80	5½	8	7
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	4	10	7
Robinson (⁷)	20	8½	16	6½
Heriot	100	7½	12	6½
Roodepoort United ...	50	4½	15	6
Primrose	60	4	10	6
Wolhuter (⁶)	10	5½	40	6
Crown Reef (⁸)	200	14½	8	5
City and Suburban (⁶)	15	6½	17	5
Wemmer	150	10½	10	5
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	10	6	4½
May Consolidated	35	2½	9	4
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	3½	15	4
Durban Roodepoort ...	80	5½	9	4
Princess	15	1½	20 ⁽²⁾	4
Geldenhuis Estate.....	100	6	7	3½
Angelo	75	5½	8 ⁽⁸⁾	1½
Jubilee (⁵)	75	11½	8	0
Worcester	60	2½	4	0

(¹) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (²) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 per share. (³) 51½ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (⁴) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (⁵) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share. (⁶) £4 shares. (⁷) £5 shares. (⁸) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 3 August.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield. Per Cent.
	Per Cent.		Years.	
*Robinson Deep.....	200	9½	20	16½
*Durban Deep (¹)	50	3½	15	13
*Crown Deep	200	12½	16	11
*Rose Deep	105	6½	15	10
*Nourse Deep	60	5½	43	9½
*Jumpers Deep	40	5½	36	6½
*Bonanza	108 ⁽²⁾	4½	5	5½
*Village Main Reef (³) ...	75	6½	13	5
*Geldenhuis Deep.....	70 ⁽²⁾	9½	23	4
*Simmer and Jack.....	4½ ⁽²⁾	4	30	3½
Glen Deep	18	3	25	3
Langlaagte Deep.....	21	2½	15	2

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (P) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (*) Calculated on actual profits of working. (†) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (‡) £5 shares.

Some time ago we published a table showing that at the then market value of the holdings of the Rand Mines, Limited, in the various deep-level mines already floated, and at a very moderate estimate of the value of its other properties, the £1 shares of the Company were worth at least £36 each. Since that time the prices of nearly all its holdings have risen substantially and the value of Rand Mines share should now be placed at nearer £40, instead of £32, the price at which they stand. Several other of the deep-level properties of the group are now at work and below we give an interesting table showing the proportion of the monthly profits now being actually earned by the subsidiary companies which goes into the coffers of the parent company:—

Mines.	Rand Mines proportion per cent.	Monthly Profits. June.	Rand Mines proportion.
Rose Deep	36	£17,550	£6,318
Geldenhuis Deep	40·8	24,000	9,792
Jumpers Deep	66·5	8,460	5,625
Nourse Deep	71·5	4,100	2,931
Crown Deep	77·6	19,150	14,860

£39,526

That is to say, the deep-level companies actually at work are already earning for the Rand Mines, Limited, nearly £500,000 a year, or sufficient to pay well over 100 per cent. on the capital of the parent corporation. Moreover, none of the subsidiaries are as yet working with their full complement of stamps. The Rose Deep has only 122 stamps at work out of 200; the Geldenhuis Deep, 190 stamps out of 200; the Jumpers Deep, 80 stamps out of 100; the Nourse Deep, 60 stamps out of 120; and the Crown Deep, 160 stamps out of 200. When the full mills are at work on all the mines the monthly profits will be largely increased, and neither the Crown Deep nor the Nourse Deep are as yet crushing their best ore. This month the Durban Roodepoort Deep, in which the Rand Mines has a one-fifth interest, will enter the list of producers, and in a few months' time the Glen Deep and the Langlaagte Deep, in which the Rand Mines holds respectively 46 per cent. and 96 per cent. of the shares, will also start work and add materially to the profits of the parent Company. About September next year the Ferreira Deep, in which the Rand Mines has a seven-twelfths interest, is also expected to start producing. Since the parent Company last year made a profit of £351,000, or more than 100 per cent. on its issued capital of £332,708, our forecast that at the end of this year it will pay a dividend of 100 per cent. at the end of next year of 200 per cent., and in subsequent years regular dividends of 300 per cent. and more, is well within the mark. When the contemplated splitting of the shares into more manageable fractions is effected, their value cannot fail to increase materially.

NEW ISSUE.

THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

The White Pass and Yukon Railway Company announces the issue at par of £250,000 six per cent. first mortgage debenture stock. The Company was formed not long ago with a capital of £1,000,000 to develop the charter rights and concessions of the British Yukon Mining, Trading and Transportation Company, the British Columbian and Yukon Railway, and the Pacific and Arctic Railway and Navigation Company. It is now proposed to lay down a line extending about 325 miles from Skagway Harbour, a port at the head of the Lynn Canal, to Fort Selkirk on the Yukon. The first division of the railway is to be about fifty miles in length, and crosses the White Pass to the head-waters of the navigation of the Yukon, near Lake Bennett. The present debenture issue will be secured by a specific charge on this first section, and it is hoped that the line will be open for traffic to navigable waters by the end

of September. In the present state of development of the Klondyke region we have not much confidence in the security offered.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYMRO (Carmarthen).—We will deal with the matter you mention next week.

R. S. T. (Glasgow).—Certainly hold your Transvaal Gold Mining Estates. A dividend of 10 per cent. will probably be paid at the end of this month. The Company's properties are in the Lydenburg district, one of the outside districts of the Transvaal, and it has to contend with many difficulties of transport and a great scarcity of native labour. It succeeds, however, in making a profit of £10,000 a month from the mines already at work, and is developing the rest of its properties as rapidly as possible. We are not sanguine as to the immediate prospects of the British America Corporation, but you had better hold a little longer. The British Columbian industry is progressing, and the Corporation will probably participate in any improvement which may take place in the autumn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LEAD POISONING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Longton, 2 August, 1898.

SIR,—Your issue of 23 July contains a review of a book on this subject by a local practitioner (of whose name we may state, we, with thousands of others in this locality, had never heard until this work was published), but it is more with the statements of the reviewer than with the book itself that we are concerned.

These statements amount briefly to this: that the mortality amongst people employed in making pottery is "too dreadful to contemplate"; that the only real remedy is the use of leadless glaze; and, lastly, only the "unparalleled capacity for sluggishness of the Home Secretary" and the "vested interests" of the employed prevent the application of this remedy, as we already "know how to produce these leadless glazes."

If these statements are true the matter is easily disposed of, but, Dr. Prendergast and your reviewer notwithstanding, we venture to question them, and in common fairness to ask you to admit a few words from the other side, for from all quarters such a shower of abuse has been poured on us manufacturers by sensational newspapers, M.P.'s, labour and political associations, most of them striving to make party capital out of the question, by a host of critics and scribblers whose ignorance is only known to those on the spot, that the maker of pottery stands arraigned as a callous, cold-blooded creature, whose one aim is to make money regardless of the method adopted, and who has done nothing to improve the hygienic conditions of his operatives. Greatest fallacy of all, it is asserted that the remedy said to be in his own hands is rejected by him as too expensive for the cheap production of pottery.

Let us see how the matter really stands. We will at once admit that the mortality is very high as compared with that of agricultural labourers, and high as compared with that of many other trades. But is the use of leadless glaze the only certain remedy? and if it is, have we such a remedy? Sir, there is no leadless glaze at present, despite the ceaseless and untiring experiments of scores of manufacturers for many months past, which, applied to goods of British manufacture, would enable us to compete for one moment in the markets of the world. If your reviewer has one he can command a high price for it in this locality, for we have scores of recipes but no buyers for goods dipped in such glazes. Even if this problem were solved, is the danger disposed of? The "dippers" are not more than two per cent. of the employés on a pot factory, and lead forms part of nearly every colour we use. Will the public buy our goods without the coloured decoration to which Continental competitors devote so much skill and attention? Your remark that an industry attended with such dangers were better to perish would be realised, for our trade would be destroyed if the demands of all the ignorant critics who have taken up this subject were conceded, and what, then, is to become of the population of over 300,000 people who are mainly supported by this industry?

Your reviewer is evidently unaware of the special rules drawn up by the Home Office some years ago,

and of the drastic reforms now proposed to be made in these rules, or he would not accuse the authorities of sluggishness; but it is in getting the operatives to observe these rules that the greatest difficulty lies. If they were certified by the examining surgeon as fit for the work they might wish to do, and if they observed the most ordinary precautions of cleanliness and care, there would not be a tithe of the present trouble. Amongst us we have dippers, placers, and decorators, who have worked for years without the slightest harm, but the lives of these people are a lesson to all concerned, for they are of sober, steady, cleanly habits. What can be hoped for from people who, with fingers besmeared with poisonous colours, will eat cakes, oranges, biscuits, &c., surreptitiously whilst at work, and who are in many cases so addicted to drinking boiled tea that they would have it beside them at all hours of the day, and who resent the employer's interference whenever he ventures to object?

We can only point out briefly a few of the real causes of the trouble, as your reviewer's suggestions are simply impracticable, meaning as they do the killing of the trade in the attempt to cure its evils.

That he has confounded "potter's rot" (which is asthma) with lead poisoning is only another small detail, showing that either the author or the reviewer of the book is but imperfectly informed. Our object in writing is to defend one class from the very unjust charges brought against them, either through ignorance or design, by attempting to explain that the dangers of the trade are exaggerated, that they arise almost entirely from the carelessness of the workpeople, and that the remedies suggested to us are neither effective nor even possible.—We are, Sir, yours faithfully,

THE LONGTON PORCELAIN COMPANY,
LAWLEY WEBBERLEY.

[We willingly give publicity to this letter without accepting all or indeed any of the statements it contains. That uneducated workpeople have dirty and careless habits, we know; but it is from the labour of these uneducated workpeople that the Longton Porcelain Company derives its profits, if it makes profits; and it is not to be tolerated that the Longton Porcelain Company, or any other employers in this terrible trade, shall allow their employes, through ignorance, to weaken and thin the race by disease and death rather than take the trouble to see the proper precautions taken. As for the author of the book, he may be unknown to the Longton Porcelain Company, and the "thousands of others in this locality" for whom the Longton Porcelain Company ventures to speak; the main thing is that the Longton Porcelain Company, and others engaged in their trade, are perfectly well known both to the author of the book reviewed and to the gentleman who reviewed it.—ED. S. R.]

"REX REGUM."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 North Road, Clapham Park,
2 August, 1898.

SIR,—In a letter which appeared in your last issue, under the signature of C. L. Corkran, it is averred that there is not a line or a word in the Gospels or Epistles to justify my allegation that the Likeness of Christ, as we know it, was accepted by the Apostles; that there are few things more remarkable in their writings than their total silence as to the form and features of Jesus Christ; and, finally, that all the likenesses we possess are simply imaginative.

May I say that it is precisely to meet this agnosticism respecting the Likeness of our Lord that "Rex Regum" is written. If your correspondent means simply that the Life of Christ in the Gospels is not treated as a three-volume novel, in which a picturesque description of the hero is usually given in order to make a creation of the imagination seem real, I agree. But to infer from this that we have no true Likeness would be as inconsequent as to infer that we have no likenesses of Gladstone or Beaconsfield because we find no description of their persons in their collected speeches. Your correspondent confuses the question of likeness with the question of expression. All the great painters paint the same Likeness, but the expression they give to it varies

according to their genius and the special action of His life they may be depicting.

The averment moreover is, as it stands, absolutely incorrect. The Gospels are full of the question of the personal, human aspect of our Lord. The suggestion that He moved amongst men as a kind of "veiled prophet" is curiously contrary to the truth. One Evangelist says that He grew in stature; another that His face was full of grace and truth; another that He gave His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; another that He showed them His hands and His feet; while St. Paul says His face was not veiled like that of Moses. The certain knowledge and remembrance of His features, by friends and disciples, for purpose of recognition, is vital to the evidences of Christianity. Without it we have no evidence of the Resurrection. Throughout the Gospel narrative and the Epistles of St. Paul and St. John, the clear, unquestionable knowledge of His face, to which a man might swear in a court of law, and trust his soul as a believer, is presupposed. To the first Christians it was the very heart's core of their memory—the very objective of their hope.

Now I cannot pretend in the brief space of a letter even so much as to count up the many proofs of the authenticity of the Likeness—irrefragable in my judgment—which through long years I have gathered from the libraries and museums and catacombs of Europe, and have now set forth in my "Rex Regum"; nor indeed could justice be done to the argument without the reproduction of the illustrations. But I should like to ask one question. Where and when was the knowledge of the face of Christ lost—if it is lost? Not in the grave—for He saw no corruption. Not in the Resurrection—for He was recognised by the brethren. Not in the Ascension—for we have the promise of His coming again in like form. The disciples believed not for joy. Why do we disbelieve?—Yours faithfully,

WYKE BAYLISS.

JOURNALISM IN THE FAR EAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If there is nothing more to be said against Mr. Lillie than appears in the letters you publish from Mr. Standing and "Fair Play," his case may yet prove the means of vindicating the rights of "Journalism in the Far East." The former writer—more diligent or more lucky than the Foreign Office—has discovered two occasions on which this editor deserved expulsion for having "showered abuse upon Siamese institutions." The first was when a sanguinary revolt took place in one of those infamous dens of torture which the Siamese call gaols, and the second was when a Siamese criminal was decapitated after being drugged and having his ears stopped up with clay. Because Mr. Lillie found fault with these Siamese institutions, the Siamese were "righteously indignant"; and because they were so indignant, they were, it seems, justified in ignoring the treaties by which they are bound, and assuming rights over a foreigner who is in no way amenable to their jurisdiction. But what Mr. Lillie wants is not Mr. Standing's opinion to this effect, as much as some argument or reason. Mr. Standing, if I mistake not, was for a short time the reporter of a journal subsidised by the Siamese, and existing by means of the fulsome flattery of their "institutions." His criticisms are not, therefore, exactly what one would call impartial, even if they at all meet the charge of definite breach of Treaty made by the aggrieved editor. Mr. Standing, however, is not content with giving you these "appreciations" of the editor of the rival papers. He drags in an incident which he appears to think vastly creditable to his friends. Possibly your readers may be of a different opinion. In 1893, "Mr. Lillie was assaulted in the streets of the capital by a couple of young Siamese of the better class." This is Mr. Standing's account of an ambush prepared for Mr. Lillie as he went to an official appointment at the High Court. Four (not two) Siamese ruffians "of the better class"—the phrase is inimitable—armed with clubs and staves, knowing, as they could only know, from official sources, when Mr. Lillie would come, waylaid this single and unarmed man, and would have pretty well "done for" him had they not been put to flight after some minutes by the

arrival of other Europeans. Some of these malefactors were, by way of adding insult to injury, condemned in the criminal court, and sentenced to altogether illusory and ridiculous fines; and this is what your correspondent calls "treating a man with exquisite courtesy and an almost sublime patience!"

Both your correspondents wax funny at the end of their letters, when they feel that something practical should be said. The one asks whether the aggrieved Editor would have liked a gunboat to be sent on his behalf; and the other suggests that he should go to law against the British Foreign Office. It may be sufficient to say, in reply to their witticisms, that if all complaints were disposed of by such arguments the life of a Britisher abroad would be more adventurous than is usually supposed. It is not many days since an American citizen—or at least his representatives—recovered £40,000 or so from the Siamese Government for a less flagrant outrage than that on Mr. Lillie. And there was no gunboat; and no action for damages against U.S. officials!—Yours, &c.,

ANGLO-SIAMESE.

HOSPITAL REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letter which you publish on the hospital question. That human vivisection is carried on in "charity" hospitals to a very considerable extent is shown by the reports which physiologists publish in the medical journals detailing so-called "clinical observations," &c. To mention but one instance: there is the experimentation on patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Board hospitals with the anti-toxin serum for diphtheria. Says Dr. Lennox Browne, the procedure "bears a perilously close relationship to human vivisection."

Patients are needlessly examined by doctors and students; they are frequently made to undergo unnecessary operations and even amputations, in order that surgeons may have practice. Again, new drugs are tried upon patients, and they have, in some cases, been tortured by useless operations when dying.

It may not be out of place to quote a statement made by a medical man, who is a keen advocate of vivisection, but who seems to be aware of the course things are taking. In an article which recently appeared in the "Nineteenth Century," he made the following admission:—"It has been stated in various quarters that surgical operations are now constantly performed, not for the advantage of the patient, but solely for the pecuniary benefit of the operators. This is really a very serious charge, and, I deeply grieve to think, one not altogether unfounded."

There is mismanagement and abuse certainly, and there need be no doubt that the poor and defenceless are the main sufferers. What is really wanted is the establishment of some public control over hospitals, so that they may no longer be under the sole powers of committees of medical men.—Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

NATURAL HISTORY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Like many another man of eminence who himself took no interest in its study, Mr. Gladstone is said to have held decided views on the desirability of teaching natural history, or so much of it at least as comes under the head of popular zoology, in our schools. That several advantages might accrue from encouraging in the rising generation a love of nature is a proposition that belongs to the obvious. To go no more deeply into the matter, there is the gain to the body of constant out-of-door life; there is the gain to the mind of a more rational and systematic contemplation of the beautiful; and there is the gain to the morals of an increased and ever-increasing lesson of forbearance and of protection of the weak. It is, however, one thing to admit the desirability of some form of instruction in natural history finding a place in our school curriculum, and another to attempt the formulating of any fixed lines on which education should proceed.

Obviously, much depends on the age and standard of the pupils. For those who are sufficiently advanced to

handle any of the elementary manuals of popular zoology, such as the one issued recently by a well-known educational publishing firm, the authorities could, without great difficulty, provide suitable teachers and elaborate an adequate programme. It is not, however, with these that the problem concerns itself. They will soon acquire the lore of the museum; will be able to put their country cousins to the blush for calling spiders insects and chameleons lizards; and may even joyfully devote their half holidays to the frenzied assimilation of such erudite works as Sperino's "Anatomy of the Chimpanzee," a booklet of close on five hundred closely printed pages.

It may well be asked, however, whether our children cannot be given just that nodding acquaintance with natural history that shall, even though it do not stimulate their thirst for more, enlist their pity for the weak, their admiration for the strong, their instinct of fair play for all. Some day these children may work "on the land," and they will then be brought in contact with this vast realm of life all around, knowing nothing of them but the usual smattering of untruth that is the yokel's share. It seems strange that our wonderful end century education, which makes pianists of cottagers, and teaches two dead languages to those who cannot correctly tackle one living one, has not yet applied itself to teaching the younger generation something of the uses and beauties of the earth's animals. There is, it is true, no text-book at present suitable for the purpose, but, given the demand, a choice would soon be forthcoming. Apart from this, there is no pressing necessity for such printed matter. Of far greater use would be a teacher able to interpret in direct and pleasing fashion the open book of nature; and the classes might be held in summer in the open, and in winter in the museum.

Above all, popular natural history in its best sense should be the subject of such instruction. There should be no taxing the young and unready intelligence with bad Latin and worse Greek, when good sound English names answer the purpose equally well, and are far easier to explain. Why, for instance, call a bird *Picus* when the word "woodpecker" at once gives the clue to its life-history? I make no attempt to belittle the great value of scientific nomenclature in more serious study, either as an antidote against the error arising out of inappropriate local names, or for purposes of international researches. But for the elementary standards alluded to in this article, the vernacular should be all-sufficient, and every precaution should be taken against discouraging the study of the beautiful in nature by a premature exposure of the hidden dry bones. Let the instruction confine itself, as far as possible, to the living; the dead are no fit study for the young. The poet taught—and not, as we later discover, without reason—that nature is red in tooth and claw; but this is the unlovely truth forced upon us later in life, at a stage when we are able to contemplate it without concern. For children nature has many joys, and it is almost past belief that so little should be made of them by those who have charge of their mental development. Whether on humanitarian lines, or as an adjunct to the much-discussed religious instruction, a gentle course of popular natural history could not be anything short of invaluable. Many a wanderer on the river bank, watching the feeding kingfisher or the solicitous moorhens and their helpless brood, is at heart a warmer supporter of the doctrines of mercy towards birdlife than one half of the fine ladies who rustle from their carriage to the meetings of the Society for Protection of Birds.—Yours, &c.,

AYLMER POLLARD.

"A LATH PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE IRON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your last number you say "Lord Salisbury is living up to Bismarck's sneering description of him as 'a lath painted to look like iron.'" I do not write to humble you with my individual opinion that this description is untrue as regards Lord Salisbury, but as the phrase is now commonly attributed to Prince Bismarck, I wish to point out that I think you will find in Alison's "History of Europe," Vol. IX., that the sarcasm was applied, in the first instance, by Madame de Staël to M. de Marbois, Napoleon's Finance Minister.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A.

REVIEWS.

THE QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

"China in Transformation." By Archibald R. Colquhoun, Gold Medallist Royal Geographical Society. London & New York: Harper.

IN these days of doubt and anxiety, when the little cloud, like a man's hand, has spread over the Eastern sky and the storm wind seems likely to slam Lord Salisbury's open door, it would be well if Englishmen who desire to understand the true interests of their country and are determined to uphold and defend them, would read Mr. Archibald Colquhoun's work on China. It is published most opportunely and gives a most valuable summary of the situation, commercial and political, up to date, with opinions and suggestions by a thoroughly experienced and competent expert; it deserves but will probably not receive due consideration from the Foreign Office. With a great deal of Mr. Colquhoun's material we are already familiar in the works of Gundry, Michie, Bishop, Doolittle and others, for Mr. Colquhoun has wisely determined to address the uninstructed public as well as the informed minority. He covers the whole ground of Chinese interest, and deals with the important geographical position of the country, its foreign relations, questions regarding its economic and commercial development, its government and administration, and the dangers which surround it in the greed and ambition of rival European Powers. Mr. Colquhoun's picture is vivid and complete, but we ask ourselves how long it will be a correct likeness. For the extraordinary thing regarding China, a country which seemed, a short time ago, as unchanged and unchangeable as the Sahara desert, is the swiftness with which she is becoming transformed under external pressure. Like a mammoth, frozen and crystallised in a northern glacier for immemorial years, no sooner has some accident exposed it to sun and air than its flesh dissolves and the giant bones alone remain to stir the wonder of a later world. China is suddenly throwing off the hide-bound conservatism which has been her shield against external influences, and under the force of Russian demands, French insistence, Japanese warships and blows from the mailed fist of Germany, is dissolving before our eyes. England alone, preaching a benevolent neutrality, without a strong man at the Foreign Office to conceive a bold and effective policy or a strong man at Peking to carry it out, allows her influence, which was once exclusive and supreme, to be daily whittled away by her commercial rivals. She knows well that every concession to the European nations, jealous of each other and only united in a common resolve to destroy her commercial supremacy, means the closure to her merchants of a present or a prospective market, yet with blind eyes and feeble hands she continues to believe in assurances which are worthless and to rely on the word of a Government which her own long and bitter experience should have taught her has never kept a promise which it could break with impunity.

The position of England in China is that of the Cornish clergyman in "Peter Pindar," who, when the cry of "A wreck! a wreck!" was heard outside the church, and seeing his congregation one by one slipping away, made a last appeal:

"Stop, stop!" cried he; "at least one prayer—
Let me get down and all start fair."

This, if our rulers would only see it, is the only sensible policy. It is useless to continue preaching on the text of the open door which no one believes in and which no one except England wants. The European Powers, one and all, desire a shut door, which will only open to admit them and their goods, with prohibitive tariffs against England and America. In the fact that the United States will suffer equally with ourselves from the action of the Powers is the one chance of an effective alliance to maintain the commercial freedom of China. Our readers are aware that we are no advocates for a general alliance with the United States. The time is not ripe for it, and it would bring both countries more embarrassment than profit. But with the new birth of cordiality between us, it is quite possible to form an alliance, based not alone on sentiment, but on

practical and mutual advantage, which should declare the common determination that China should be left to work out her own salvation, and in no case should be closed, in whole or in part, to the commerce of the Anglo-Saxon world. In such a compact Japan might be invited to join. She would gladly do so, as in such action by England is her only hope of reaping some of the advantages of her successful war, which she has so far seen filched from her by Russia, France and Germany. The sentimental objection to an alliance of England with an Oriental Power is of little weight when the critical character of the situation is considered. The alliance would, moreover, be for a special object, and one which would receive general sympathy in this country, the maintenance of peace and the protection of trade in complete freedom. This Triple Alliance is the policy which best suits the time and which is the natural reply to the Triple Alliance which is now directed against our safety and prestige in the Far East. But does any one believe that our Foreign Office is taking any energetic steps in this direction? Why should the diplomatic energy of a great Empire exhaust itself in speeches, in answers to questions in the House of Commons, and in marginal comments on ungrammatical dispatches, when there is so much instant need for vigour, courage and action?

If the Government discards the idea of an arrangement with the United States and Japan, what do they propose to do? They have pledged themselves to the policy of "the open door," even at the cost of war, and the country will not allow them to forget or explain away their assurances. If they choose to stand alone, let them, at any rate, act alone and not go to sleep. They may notify to all concerned that Central China, and especially the region of the Yangtse, is the sphere of influence of England, and that they will not permit or acknowledge any concessions therein to any other Power, or tolerate any interference by France with our free right to construct railways into Yunnan from India and Burma. In case of China refusing compliance we might occupy Chusan and the Shanghai district until she saw fit to come to terms. We are still powerful enough to carry out a strong policy in the East, and Lord Brassey assures us that our fleet is not only a match for two, but for three of the Powers who are practically arrayed against us. Mr. Goschen is demanding more millions and more ironclads; but if they are for show and not for use it might be well to deepen the Serpentine and place them in Hyde Park as a spectacle for the people who have paid for them, like the rusting warships which have been moored in a long sad line for so many years opposite Constantinople.

The English Foreign Office is the exact counterpart and image of the Chinese Tsung-li-Yamèn, if we leave out the melon seeds and sugar-plums which accompany the deliberations of the Chinese Foreign Committee. The same literary ability and dialectical and rhetorical skill; the same bravery in words and timidity in deeds; the same habit of representing diplomatic defeats as victories, of using disingenuous subterfuges to conceal poverty of idea and incapacity for energetic action; the same yielding to outside pressure; the same hatred of and contempt for independent criticism; the same neglect of the vital interests of the country. No one who has followed the faltering steps of the Foreign Office during the past year can consider this comparison strained or untrue. We have but to recall the threats directed against those who would attempt to shut the open door; to see the British warships leaving Port Arthur to oblige Russia; and the last pitiful spectacle in the House, when the vaunted diplomatic triumph of the non-alienation of the Yangtse region turned out to be a mere pious opinion of an unvarnished Chinese Board of officials. But the invincible ignorance of the Foreign Office is still more remarkable than their incapacity. From Mr. Curzon's replies in the House of Commons, it would appear that the Government were very badly served at Peking in the matter of information. Nor, considering the carelessness with which they select their instruments, is this a matter of surprise. Sir Nicholas O'Connor was retained as Minister at Peking long after his incapacity was patent to every one outside the Foreign Office. Without influence with the Chinese Government, flouted and out-witted by the Russian

Minister, he was at last promoted to the very Court which had accurately taken his measure, where the Russian Foreign Minister fed him with assurances which were so quickly broken as to necessitate his removal to another sphere. He was succeeded by a gentleman who has been highly, and indeed extravagantly, praised by Lord Salisbury, but whose failure is conspicuous and complete. Nor was any other conclusion possible, when it is understood that, before his appointment to Peking, this gentleman knew nothing of China or the East, and his only training for a post requiring exceptional knowledge and experience was gained at Zanzibar and among the savage tribes of the Niger Protectorate. But although a man is sorely needed at Peking, a policy is still more needed in London. England has many competent and courageous children, as the history of India and Egypt amply proves; and if the regeneration of China is to be undertaken by foreign hands, it should be confided to none other than those which have built up the Indian Empire on the foundation of liberty and justice, and are transforming the cringing, cowardly and bankrupt Egyptians into a nation of respected and self-respecting freemen. Englishmen are still everywhere ready to do and to dare, and it is only their leaders who are timid and hang back. But there are, on all sides, signs that the country has had enough of the feebleness which discredits it in the eyes of the world, and that unless its leaders can and will lead, they will have, with shame, to give place to those who will satisfy the just demands of the English people.

TOLSTOI ON ART.

II.

"What is Art?" By Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Aylmer Maude. London: The Brotherhood Publishing Company.

TOLSTOI'S theory of art, which we have found to lead to what is practically the entire condemnation of art, with a few arbitrary exceptions, is based on a generous social doctrine of equality, a conviction of the "brotherhood of man," and a quite unjustifiable assumption that "art is a form of progress." To Tolstoi it seems astonishing that any one at the present day should be found to maintain the conception of beauty held by the Greeks; that "the very best that can be done by the art of nations after 1900 years of Christian teaching is to choose as the ideal of their life the ideal that was held by a small, semi-savage, slave-holding people, who lived 2000 years ago, who imitated the nude human body extremely well, and erected buildings pleasant to look at." Yet he himself selects as examples of "good, supreme art" the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the stories of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, the Hebrew prophets, the Psalms, the Gospel parables, the story of Sakya Muni, and the hymns of the Vedas, and I do not think he would contend that his list of modern works of art—Dickens, Dostoevsky, George Eliot, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the rest—shows any artistic or spiritual advance upon those masterpieces of the very earliest ages. If, then, the only modern works which he admits to be written on sound principles cannot for a moment be compared with the ancient works to which he gives the same theoretic sanction, what room is left for astonishment that an ideal of art, divined 2000 years ago, should still remain essentially the highest ideal of art?

Closely linked with this confusion of art with progress is another application of Socialistic theories to questions of art, not less demonstrably false. "A good and lofty work of art," he tells us, "may be incomprehensible, but not to simple, unperverted labourers (all that is highest is understood by them)." And he declares that the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," the Bible narratives, including the Prophetic Books, and the other masterpieces of ancient art of which I have given his list, are "quite comprehensible now to us, educated or uneducated, as they were comprehensible to the men of those times, long ago, who were even less educated than our labourers." But such a statement is absolutely unjustifiable: it has no foundation in fact. The "Iliad," to an English labourer, would be completely unintel-

ligible. Imagine him sitting down to the simplest translation which exists in English, the prose translation of Lang, Butcher, and Leaf; imagine him reading: "Upon the flaming chariot set she her foot, and grasped her heavy spear, great and stout, wherewith she vanquisheth the ranks of men, even of heroes with whom she of the awful sire is wroth"! To the English labourer the Bible comes with an authority which no other book possesses for him; he certainly reads it, but does he read with an intelligent pleasure, does he really understand, large portions of the Prophetic Books? It is as certain that he does not as it is certain that he does read with pleasure, and understand, the Gospel parables and the stories of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. But does this fact of his understanding one, and not understanding the other, set the parables higher as art than the Prophetic Books, or the stories of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph higher than the "Iliad"? On Tolstoi's own theory it would do so, but would Tolstoi himself follow his theory to that extremity?

To such precipices are we led at every moment by the theory which makes feeling the test of art. Tolstoi tells us that he once saw a performance of "Hamlet" by Rossi, and that he "experienced all the time that peculiar suffering which is caused by false imitations of works of art." He read a description of a theatrical performance by savages, and from the mere description he "felt that this was a true work of art." Is this quite fair to the instincts, is it not a little deliberate, a choice decided upon beforehand rather than a simple record of personal feeling? Even if it is a preference as instinctive as it is believed to be, of what value is the mere preference of one man, even a man of genius; and of what value in the defining of a work of art is it for any number of people to tell me that it has caused them a genuine emotion? Come with me to the Adelphi; there, in no matter what melodrama, you shall see a sorrowful or heroic incident, acted, as it seems to you, so livingly before you, that it shall make you hot or cold with suspense, or bring tears to your eyes. Yet neither you nor I shall differ in our judgment of the melodrama as a work of art; and Tolstoi, if he were to see it, would certainly condemn it, from his own point of view, as strongly as you or I. Yet it has answered, in your case or mine, to his own test of a work of art; and certainly, to the quite simple-minded or uneducated people there present, it has been accepted without any critical after-thought as entirely satisfying.

No, neither the uneducated judgment nor the instincts of the uneducated can ever come to have more than the very slightest value in the determination of what is true or false in art. A genuine democracy of social condition may or may not be practically possible; but the democracy of intellect, happily, is impossible. There, at all events, we must always find an aristocracy; there, at all events, the stultifying dead-weight of equality must for ever be spared to us. In material matters, even, in matters most within his reach, has the labourer ever been able to understand a machine, which he will come in time to prize for its service, until it has been laboriously explained to him, and, for the most part, forced upon him for his good? How, then, is he to understand a poem, which must always continue to seem to him a useless thing, useless at all events to him? Tolstoi, throughout the whole of this book on art, has tried to reduce himself intellectually, as, in practice, he has reduced himself socially, to the level of the peasant. And, with that extraordinary power of assimilation which the Russians possess, he has very nearly succeeded. It is a part of the Russian character to be able to live a fictitious life, to be more Western than the Westerns, more sympathetic, out of indolence and the dramatic faculty, than one's intimate friends. And Tolstoi, who is in every way so typically a Russian, has in addition the genius of the novelist. So he is now putting himself in the place of the peasant, speaking through the peasant's mouth, in all these doctrines and theories, just as he used to put himself in the place of the peasant, and speak through the peasant's mouth, in his stories. The fatal difference is that, in the stories, he knew that he was speaking dramatically, while, in the doctrines and theories, he imagines that he is speaking in his own person. ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE SPORTS OF ANIMALS.

"The Play of Animals, a Study of Animal Life and Instinct." By Karl Groos, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Basel. Translated with the Author's co-operation by Elizabeth L. Baldwin. With a Preface and an Appendix by J. Mark Baldwin. London: Chapman.

MORE than a year ago, in an article contributed to the "Saturday Review" upon the sports of young animals, the attention of English readers was directed to the remarkable German work of Professor Groos. This has now been excellently translated into English, and forms a fascinating addition to the literature of animal life. There exist already, it is true, numerous works dealing with cognate subjects, but these, for the most part, are mere collections of unsifted anecdote, or are overweighted by a ponderous metaphysical purpose. Groos combines very happily the animation of an interesting writer with a genuine scientific spirit, and we do not doubt that this volume has material in it to attract the serious attention of a Darwin, and to beguile the leisure of a contributor of animal stories to the duller weeklies.

For a long time the standard view of the sports of animals was that they were the expression of an exuberant vitality. Schiller in Germany, and Bain and Herbert Spencer in England, expanded into a philosophical principle, applicable to young animals in general, the popular dictum that "Boys will be boys." Given creatures with brain and muscles, with nervous energy and the mechanism for translating that energy into movements, it would seem natural that in the presence of a food supply and the absence of any particular difficulty in obtaining it, redundant energy should display itself in random and unrestrained exercise of all the bodily capacities. The exhilaration of sun and air and freedom, and the wonderful novelty of all the wonderful things in which they are set, would seem to be a sufficient explanation why young things leap and run, engage in mimic fights, or experiment with everything around them. Naturally enough the plays engaged in would differ with the bodily capacity and the special character of different animals, and some correspondence is to be expected between the sports of the young and the ultimate occupations of the adult.

Groos, however, attaches a much more important meaning to play. He regards it as an instinct developed by natural selection, and to be of as great utility as any other instinct fostered in the struggle for existence. It resembles very closely the instinct of imitation, which has played so large a part in the development of the mental powers of animals; and, to a certain extent, the instinct to play and the instinct to imitate overlap. The special utility of the play-instinct is double. In the first place, it enables the young animal to exercise itself beforehand in all those bodily and mental functions which afterwards it will have to employ in the serious business of life, in getting food, in fighting and in attracting mates. The exercising games of young creatures, of birds for instance in practising flying, the hunting games of young carnivora, and a multitude of well-known instances, to which Groos adds many, are in this category. The young badgers in Regent's Park, London, amuse visitors by turning somersaults hundreds of times in succession in the same spot. The wild buck gives expression to its joy in graceful sportive leaps. Such leaps, alternating with tearing madly around, are expressions of well-being; they so intoxicate the young hare that his worst enemy, the fox, creeps up unawares. Buffaloes, tapirs and crocodiles sport in the water as night comes on. The leaping of young horses, asses, sheep and goats is familiar. A phenomenon pointed out to us by Director Seitz illustrates how closely such movement plays are connected with habits which are indispensable in the serious struggle for life. He writes:—"It is my impression that, in general, the play of animals exercises them in directions that will be useful for them in the necessary struggle for existence. The gazelle practises long jumping and leaping over bushes; goats and sheep, that live in mountains, the direct high jump. Many will be surprised to find an explanation for such

goat leaps, which usually make us laugh, and are certainly extraordinary movements, and wholly inexplicable on level ground. They are, however, necessary practice for life in rocky hills." Similar examples are to be found in playful movements of young cats. We are all familiar with the catching games which are an obvious preparation for future mouse-hunting; while the playing with a mouse already caught is an excellent practice for future occasions. But the cat-like creatures indulge in other exercise games. "They delight in racing about, but not so often, I think, in circles as dogs do. They prefer straight lines and sharp turns with the genuine goat jump. This sudden flight into the air, which appears to take place without the animal's knowledge or intention, cannot here be preparatory to life in the mountains, but the cat finds the high jump very useful, not only in pouncing on its prey but in escaping its hereditary enemy. Brehm records a movement play of young chamois. When in summer the young chamois climb up to the perpetual snow, they delight to play on it. They throw themselves in a crouching position on the upper end of a steep, snow-covered incline, work all four legs with a swimming motion to get a start, and then slide down on the surface of the snow, often traversing a distance of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty metres in this way, while the snow flies up and covers them with a fine powder. Arrived at the bottom, they spring to their feet and slowly clamber up again the distance they have slid down." The rest of the flock are said to watch this primitive tobogganing with approval, and in turns to engage in it.

The second side of the utility of play is even more important. In the mental life of animals there is no difference of so great importance as that between instinct and intelligence. In the sharpest form the distinction is seen between the two in such cases as the web-spinning of spiders and the nest-making of the anthropoid apes. The present reviewer at one time, for a special purpose, kept in confinement a number of large garden spiders. When these were provided, inside the inverted bell-jars in which they lived, with suitable attachments for their webs, such as branches of shrubs, the webs were made in the ordinary way. In the absence of these, however, the web-making instinct still operated, and the spiders exhausted their supplies of silk in making meaningless tangles like circular skeins of thread. The anthropoid apes, on the other hand, placed in almost any circumstances, will exercise their instinct in making themselves comfortable, but will do so by using whatever materials are given them, the branches of different kinds of trees in a forest, straw and blankets in a menagerie, and so forth. Groos shows that the playing instinct of animals enables them to do many things in different ways, and to acquire the general habit of adapting means to ends: it teaches them, in fact, slowly to replace a mechanical instinct which would operate successfully only in the presence of the exactly right conditions, but would be wasted in useless work under wrong conditions by an intelligent and experimental adjustment of means to ends.

Groos develops these two important theses with a remarkable breadth of view and richness of detail, and enters much more deeply into a discussion of the psychological processes involved than it is possible to follow in a review. We must be contented with stating in a broad way his general conclusions, that animals do not play merely because they are young, but that they have a period of youth and playfulness because it is of first-rate importance to them as a preparation for adult life.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

"Cyrano de Bergerac." By Edmond Rostand. Translated from the French by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard. London: Heinemann.

THAT clever production, "Cyrano de Bergerac," has been singularly fortunate in finding such translators as Miss Thomas and Miss Guillemard. So much nonsense has been talked about the play that it becomes almost necessary to mention, in passing, that it is *not* at once a tragedy as fine as "Le Cid" and a comedy as fine as "Les Femmes Précieuses." It is a brilliant piece of

writing, hardly literature indeed, in any strict sense, or literature only in the sense in which Mr. Gilbert's comic rhymes, miraculous in their way, are literature; certainly not poetry, in any sense whatever, though written in most ingenious verse. Imagine a novel of Dumas turned into verse, with, perhaps, a touch more of sentimentality than Dumas was in the habit of giving to his sword and cape romances, and you have "Cyrano de Bergerac," which has succeeded exactly as the novels of Dumas succeeded, and for exactly the same reasons. It is full of bustle, pretty and amusing to see on the stage, so obvious in its ingenuity as to please the idlest reader or spectator, so obvious in its poetising as to delight the least poetical mind with a semblance of response to poetry. Such a play, then, in really skilful hands, is not difficult to translate; for, while poetry, depending as it does on something so delicate, so nearly imperceptible, is extremely difficult to transfer from language to language, ingenuity, which is a very definite thing, depending on a certain clever playing with logic, can be transferred from language to language with little essential loss. Only it must be done with tact; and how much tact has been displayed by these two translators will be seen from a few lines which we will give in French and in English.

"Un baiser, mais à tout prendre, qu'est-ce ?

Un serment fait d'un peu plus près, une promesse
Plus précise, un aveu qui veut se confirmer,
Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer ;
C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour oreille,
Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille,
Une communion ayant un goût de fleur,
Une façon d'un peu se respirer le cœur,
Et d'un peu se goûter, au bord des lèvres, l'âme !"

Here is the English—

"A kiss, when all is said,—what is it ?

An oath that's ratified,—a sealed promise,
A heart's avowal claiming confirmation,—
A rose-dot on the 'i' of adoration,—
A secret that to mouth, not ear, is whispered,—
Brush of a bee's wing, that makes time eternal,—
Communion perfumed like the spring's wild-flowers,
The heart's relieving in the heart's outbreathing,
When to the lips the soul's flood rises, brimming !"

Here there is surprisingly little difference between the English and the French; and, for the most part, the whole play is translated with the same fidelity and the same success. The translators have very wisely modelled their blank verse upon Browning, though they have occasionally, in their endeavour to be vigorously colloquial, written lines which are really not lines of verse at all. They have also at times rendered verse into prose, apparently on a theory, which may not be an entirely unreasonable one, but which should have been at least explained. Occasionally there are signs of carelessness, as in the omission of the list of characters. But, as a translation, this is far superior to most of the translations, either of verse or prose, which have lately been made into English. If, after all, it must be said that here is a play in English verse which cannot be called English poetry, well, it is but just to remember that it is the translation of a play in French verse which cannot be called French poetry.

THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

"Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." By J. W. Tyrrell.
London: Unwin.

THE expedition conducted by the Tyrrells across the Barren Lands of the North-West Territory seems to have been attended with complete success. The gap which existed on our maps between Lakes Athabasca and Doobaunt has been filled up, and valuable additions have been made to our still extremely scanty knowledge of the country. The new route is a waterway consisting of the Upper and Lower Telzoa rivers which, together with a chain of rivers and lakes, connect Baker Lake and Chesterfield Inlet with Lake Athabasca in the interior. The country as a whole is extremely barren and devoid of any striking feature, and the climate is, at any time of the year, most unseasonable. As a popular record of the journey the present volume cannot claim to be peculiarly exciting, nor is it on the whole interestingly written. The two chapters on the Eskimos are the

most enjoyable, in spite of their somewhat fragmentary character. We are not likely to forget the old Eskimo woman who ate until she became *torpid*; as might be expected she was taken for dead, removed, buried in the snow, and no doubt duly mourned over. We can imagine the astonishment of her relatives when some two days after she returned to the fold, having awakened from this extreme indigestion and kicked off the snow which covered her. We get also a picturesque and rather vivid glimpse of the Eskimo household with its strange code of rules, and its women whose duty it is to chew daily the delectable foot-gear of the whole family. The moccasins are made of oil-tanned deer or seal-skin, and become tough and hard unless constantly submitted to the masticating process, which softens them beautifully. Unlike most edible substances, they appear to be the more relished the more they are advanced in age. To return to the Tyrrells, the difficulties and dangers encountered by the party during the inland portion of the route were comparatively few, but they were no sooner in Hudson Bay than the untimeliness of the weather caused them terrible hardships. It was no joke to be beset by ice-floes, gales which lasted for days, and heavy snowstorms, especially when we remember that the travellers journeyed in light cedar-wood canoes, essentially built for rapid-shooting and river travel. The expedition several times neared starvation, and not until after much delay was Fort Churchill finally reached. The journey was certainly worth making, for our knowledge of the geography and geology of Northern Canada is perhaps more slight and untrustworthy than that of any other part of the Empire. The book is well printed and copiously illustrated; full justice is done to the drawings by Arthur Heming. But it is a great pity that explorers and others do not devote a few weeks to the gentle art of photography and development before setting forth. The photographs "taken on the journey" and reproduced are as bad as they well could be, and with a few exceptions had far better have been omitted.

LOGIC AND PSYCHOLOGY.

"The Psychology of the Moral Self." By B. Bosanquet.
London: Macmillan.

THE writer issues this work as a contribution to the problem of the bearing of psychological conceptions upon ethical problems. We surmise, though the fact is not expressly stated, that Mr. Bosanquet is a University extension lecturer, and that we have here in a condensed form his lectures to students in psychology. Amplified in exposition they were no doubt excellent for their purpose; but in their present form they are neither sufficiently elementary for a psychological handbook, nor sufficiently elaborate for an original contribution to psychological problems. Nevertheless, for any one not a specialist, who is desirous of obtaining a brief survey of the drift of modern psychology the book may be extremely useful. Its starting-point is the rejection of the "atomist" theory which regards ideas as presented to the mind in single and independent succession, and the recognition rather of an ideal wave or mass from which single ideas emerge into focal prominence, not as separate entities, but as elements of a "psychical continuance," a subconscious setting, which is in its totality identified with, while passing beyond, the individual self. Applying this theory to ethical problems Mr. Bosanquet arrives at a very reasonable modification of Hobbes; for the element of sympathy no longer arises from the imaginative transference of another's pain to self, but from the identification of self with others as included in the unity of life.

But we must warn Mr. Bosanquet against the temerity which ventures *ultra crepidam*. However interesting his psychological speculations, his *obiter dicta* upon kindred sciences are not always luminous. "A child," he tells us, "who has seen nothing but four-cornered tables apperceives a round one as a table, but by this the apperceiving mass is enriched. In this way the doctrine connects with that of Connotation and Denotation, illustrating the defectiveness of the view according to which they vary inversely. By adding to

the kinds of things denoted by the term, the child adds also to the qualities connoted by it." Certainly it does; but it does not therefore illustrate the defectiveness of the logical doctrine of the relation of denotation to connotation. If the definition of "table" included any definite connotation of form the child would not have apperceived the round object as "table." Immediately you add a connotation of form, you of course exclude all other varieties of form, and thereby diminish your denotation. Mr. Bosanquet's example illustrates merely the indisputable truth that logic has nothing to do with the growth of ideas—in a word, that it is not psychology. And it illustrates nothing else, unless it be the correlative truth that a psychologist is not necessarily a logician.

CROMWELL'S SCOTCH CAMPAIGNS.

"Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns, 1650-51." By W. S. Douglas. London: Stock.

IT is not common to find that a volume which at the first reading irritates the critic to madness must be finally dismissed with a blessing instead of a curse. Mr. Douglas has chosen to write a book of real merit in the way of minute historical research in a language which it would be highly flattering to call bad Carlylese; its style rather reminds one of that of Justice Mookerjee's biographer, or of Mr. Anstey's "Jaberjee papers" in "Punch." We mean that Mr. Douglas displays that craving after trite tags and quotations in English, French or Latin, that knack of introducing archaic or ludicrous words in inappropriate setting, that tendency to place magniloquence and slang next each other, which are the essential features of "Baboo English." Take, for example, the following:—

(P. 219) "The ships weathered Kinghorn Ness, and rode out the night under its lee, while the boats parted company and pulled for the Lothian shore *le plus tôt possible*."

(P. 71) "It cannot have been merely for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of the garrison that the invaders set themselves to capture Redhall."

(P. 50) "Colonel Strachan was (as the vulgar phrase goes) suffering from swelled head on the strength of his triumph over the great Marquis, and the Church's consequent extraordinary favour toward him."

(P. 61) "The scruples of Ker and Strachan served Leslie's turn very neatly, for the waste of time occasioned through their queasy switherings had done more to baffle Cromwell than any amount of active service."

(P. 133) "They aimed firstly at the promotion of the Presbyterian model, and secondly at the furthering of the Royal cause. The event was to prove how the tail may on occasion waggle the dog."

(P. 141) "At the nature of those papers, for which 'Barkiss also was willing' to an extent that brought the aforesaid expectations once more into play, we shall have to glance presently."

(P. 230) "The tale was a journalistic fabrication, the Silas Weggish utterance put in 'Childe Cockburn's' mouth having never been spoken by him."

(P. 81) "It is curious to reflect that, after tuckin' down the brow, like Snarleyow and the Driver, the gunners must have found the Murray Burn somewhat of an obstacle."

A narrative paragraph must be added to show Mr. Douglas in Carlylese vein (p. 183):—

"Forward then to the attack: hurrah for the ten-mile ride that will bring us to Hamilton! But what is this? The moon has risen as we supped; she has quartered, traitress that she is: yon white line of rime by the river verge, as we skirt it, shows that a frost has succeeded to the spell of blustering weather in the mid-week and week-end. Cranreugh or black ice, it is all one to us: on we go! But what evil luck that the moon should be shining so clear. 'I ken her horn'—I would I had seen it at any other time. For between her light overhead, and the hardening ground under the horses' hoofs, there is no hiding the sight or muffling the sound of the advance. We are heard a mile off any place before we come to it. Yonder is the town-port where the guard should be watching. Yet never a vedette do we encounter, never a man is on sentry-go at the gateway. What does it mean?

Is Lambert there at all? Is he laying a trap for us, or sleeping careless in fancied security 'after his march'? Halt!"

These quotations may suffice to show that Mr. Douglas's style is often preposterous. This being granted, we have little but praise for his subject-matter. He has added an enormous amount of useful information to the rather meagre stock of details concerning the Scottish war which were hitherto available to the general reader. Carlyle, as he points out, is often careless and sometimes wilfully blind when Cromwell is in question. Professor Gardiner is never careless and always conscientious, but he has chosen to narrate the Northern war on a rather smaller scale than that which he employed for purely English matters. Moreover, he is not primarily a military historian; the political, constitutional and religious aspects of the epoch interest him more than mere "drum-and-trumpet history." Mr. Douglas may be relied upon for the skilful expanding of Professor Gardiner's lucid outline sketch. He must have spent many years in accumulating his admirable topographical knowledge of the fields over which Cromwell fought. Nor has he merely an acquaintance with their modern aspect; countless references to seventeenth and eighteenth-century maps, surveys, or legal documents show that he is competent to reconstruct their ancient aspect. One realises from his researches that Scotland under the Stuarts was a far more wooded and a far wetter region than it is to-day. Even allowing for the fact that the year 1650 chanced to be one of exceptional rainfall, it is clear that the permanent military conditions of the country were very different from the present ones, owing to the number of shallow lakes, mosses and marshy bottoms that have now disappeared. It is surprising to find that Cromwell's first checks in the rugged North were due to difficulties of morasses rather than of hills. "Mentally he must have rebuked the Scots' remissness about clearing the surface-water off their 'haughs.' The Lord of the Fens was to experience the very irony of fate before he was done with these quite home-like quagmires" (p. 69).

Not less striking than Mr. Douglas's masterly handling of topographical questions is his dealing with genealogical ones. We know no book but this from which it is possible to get a real grasp of Scottish family politics in the days of the Great Rebellion. The English student knows roughly of the existence of the various factions which lay between the extreme "Malignant" supporters of the king and the extreme "Kirkmen." But he cannot label the multitude of minor characters who flit through the campaigns with their appropriate labels. Mr. Douglas will supply him not only with their political records, but with their far more difficult personal connexions. How could any Southron, for example, know that the Hamiltons scattered through Lothian were in no wise followers of the head of their house, but inclined to Argyle's party, and looked for guidance to the Earl of Haddington (p. 72)? What patient research is required to find out what particular man of some common name is designated by a mis-spelt mention in one of Cromwell's dispatches?

Lastly, we must bear witness to Mr. Douglas's most conscientious fairness in dealing with sect, party and nation. He is a patriotic Scot, but one cannot accuse him for a moment of allowing national prejudice to lead him aside from the straight way. On every occasion where authorities differ he gives us the two versions in a lucid foot-note, and enables us to verify his reasons for accepting one story rather than the other. We have hardly detected one where any shade of personal prejudice coloured the result. We should gather that Mr. Douglas is a King's man and not a Kirkman, from his energetic defence of Charles II. on pages 60-1, but he is far from making a hero of the unlucky prince. With Cromwell he is scrupulously fair; he emphasises the extraordinary forbearance which he showed for his "misguided brethren" of the North as compared with his ruthless hardness in Ireland, and bears repeated witness to the wonderful state of discipline in which he kept his army. Indeed, we have not noted a single character, with the exception perhaps of David Leslie, who cannot be said to receive ample justice at Mr. Douglas's hands.

RECENT FICTION.

"Jocelyn." By John Sinjohn. London: Duckworth.

THE average novel is such poor stuff that when one chances on a book at all promising one is instantly tempted to appraise it beyond its worth. "Jocelyn" is a book of this kind; it is above the common run of fiction; it is at once, in a certain limited way, a comedy of manners and a melodrama worked out with some psychological insight. The principal characters are scarcely more than phantoms, introspective phantoms, drawn somewhat in the manner of Mr. Henry James, and the plot would only grace the boards of the Adelphi. The story opens at the moment when Giles Legard, "constitutionally and unobtrusively egoist, has come slowly to the realisation of the upheaval of foundations." Ten years earlier he had married a valetudinarian Polish beauty without quite knowing why, and since then he has loafed about generally, taking life as it came, and taking it chiefly in the sunshine of the Riviera; while his wife has had "her writing, her friends, her flowers." This mood of affectionate toleration is disturbed by the appearance of Jocelyn, a typical ideal heroine; she causes the upheaval. The pair, Jocelyn and Legard, struggle fruitlessly with their passion, and the inevitable catastrophe occasions them unendurable remorse. So unendurable, indeed, that the man seeks relief from the terror of his perplexities by permitting his wife to take an overdose of laudanum. The premature close of this lady's pathetic existence scarcely helps matters. Jocelyn is made aware of the circumstances of her death, and at this point we come to the end of the first and most interesting part of the story. The rest meanders on through a maze of tiresome psychological subtleties to a happy conclusion. Mr. Sinjohn, on the whole, puts some life into his stale materials; he observes, he has insight, humour. If he were only content to dispense with a plot we can imagine his achieving something quite respectable in fiction.

"The Seasons of Life." By H. Falconer Allee. London: White.

We have given up Mr. Allee's book in despair. There is a point (is it the ninth chapter?) which we cannot get beyond; on each occasion that we have attempted to do so we have been attacked by a sort of mental paralysis, a vertigo. It has incapacitated us even from writing an appreciation of its defects.

"True Heart." By Frederic Breton. London: Richards.

The vogue of the historical novel is very persistent, and since publishers tell us that the person who buys books now counts the number of the pages before making the purchase, the vogue we presume is likely to last. Certainly the historical novel may be spun out more interminably than most kinds of fiction, and in its ordinary aspect its appeal, we imagine, must be largely directed to those readers who seek relief from the violent monotony of daily life in the contemplation of a past that never was, in the resurrection of historical figures that never existed. This sort of literature may appear to a mind dazed by the unintellectual tumult of the struggle for existence as a work of the imagination; and it is indeed so much a creation of the imagination, it has so little hold on life, that it ceases to be a work of art. If we were not already aware of the fact that the highest flight of the imagination is in the realisation of what is everlastingly before our eyes, the reading of contemporary fiction would soon enlighten us; and it is absurd for a writer to suppose that burying his head in the sands of a past age will conceal from us his fatal lack of artistic insight. There is, of course, on the face of it no very obvious reason why a historical novel should not have as definite an application to life, should not be as essentially human, as, say, a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Above everything, if we prick the novelist we should not make the historian bleed. We wonder what would happen if we pricked Mr. Breton! He has attacked his material in a masterly fashion. He has selected the beginning of the sixteenth century, an interesting period, and Basle, a picturesque city, for the main events of his story. At this time and here we may

credibly enough encounter in one room Frobenius, Erasmus, the Holbeins; but credibility of this sort is a matter of small account in a romance which makes any claim to historical truth. Mr. Breton has ingeniously contrived a hero of at once mean and noble birth, so that nobody's susceptibilities are likely to be hurt; two heroines, who engaged his affections and hand; one villain, and many incidental persons of a type to which historical fiction has accustomed us. The politics of the time provide plenty of opportunity for romantic episodes. The whole story is unfolded in no less than sixty-three chapters, and when we arrive at the last our only feeling is one of amazement at the author's industry and our own patience. We have not been moved by the stirring adventures of the hero; the merry jests of mine host which convulsed his hearers in the book have left us without the shadow of a smile; and we have been very far from accepting the platitudes which scintillate on almost every page as flashes of wisdom. Nor do we find Mr. Breton's dialogue at all convincing: "But it is a sorry world we live in, when all that is right and natural and just has to be done in secret for fear of evil report, and what is false and brutal may flaunt itself openly without fear of blame," says the hero, a child of sixteen. Fancy the same young person making love! And is this not a faultless imitation of the ridiculous manner in which history is sometimes written? "New doctrines were being preached everywhere, but, conversing with various advocates of change at Waldshut, he found a diversity of opinion which already promised to lead to disruption." For the rest, Mr. Breton's punctuation is beyond reproach.

"Tales in Prose and Verse." By David Christie Murray. London: Chatto & Windus.

The art of Mr. Christie Murray is the art of the man who knocks about the world and catches as he goes ideas for novels, for short stories, for poems, on the wing. It lacks repose; it is never analytic; its sentiments are always manly, honest, optimistic; it is the art of a writer who, in reading through his proofs, is surprised (incredible as it may seem) to find that he has been enforcing any particular view of life. Mr. Murray ingenuously admits as much in a prefatory note to this book; the discovery delights him and he proceeds to tell us all about it. "I find," he says, "that in the main they (the stories composing the present volume) express the same temperament and illustrate the same view of life." What other temperament could they possibly express, we wonder! "The belief," he continues, "they express is this: That there is no degradation into which man can fall, out of which it is impossible for man to emerge." The sentiment of this is of course unexceptionable, but we confess that we are a little disappointed; it brings us no new light; we have met with it before (how often we should not like to hazard) in fiction; and has not Christianity been inculcating something of the sort for the last nineteen hundred years or so? As the philosophic background of the work of a man of Mr. Murray's reputation, we should have expected something a little less naive, a little more profound. We do not wish to pit our experience of life against his, but so far as our experience of life goes, it has led us to a somewhat different conclusion.

Mr. Murray makes, in the school of modern robust writers, a position only perhaps second to Mr. Kipling. He has vision, a personal way of seeing things, which is vastly more important than the propagation of a creed, the ethics of a muscular Christianity and of the Savage Club, of which he is so surprised to find himself an apostle. He rarely makes premeditated concessions (except in prefaces) to the prejudices of an unintelligent, awakening, and sentimental public, as most of our novelists do—as Mr. Barrie does, for instance. It is, we know, the business of a critic to explain his author; but as Mr. Murray has made an excursion, and one discovery, on his own account, it were a pity, by making premature revelations, to deprive him of the excitement of further ventures of the same kind.

The book before us is an odd and not uninteresting jumble of prose and verse. Mr. Murray's phrases always aim, and not always unsuccessfully, at pic-

turesqueness; he carries us along with him at times in an alarming manner through sheer vigour of epithet. At his best he has an eye for the right sort of incident for a short story. "Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire" (we deplore the wantonness of his fancy in hideous titles) is a story almost worthy of Maupassant; and "The End of it All" is only less excellent, notwithstanding that we have here an illustration of his view of life. The characters of an old German professor and his granddaughter are prettily suggested in "Proof Positive"; the beginning of this story is indeed conceived in a delightful spirit of fantasy, and it ends like one of Dr. Conan Doyle's detective stories. "How Sanford Saved his Soul" might have made as admirable a study in realism as a whole as it does in parts, if Mr. Murray had been content to be merely credible. But the cream of the book to our thinking is the little play (Mr. Murray calls it "A Drama for the Study") with which it closes, a little comedy of manners containing some sparkling dialogue. But here again we must protest. Even in a comedy of contemporary manners we cannot imagine the Earl of Cairngorm saying to Lady Seymour, "You've played the giddy with my whole life."

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "Nineteenth Century" opens with an article by Sir Wemyss Reid on "Mr. Gladstone and his Party," the chief feature of which, apart from its extremely eulogistic tone, is the writer's conviction that there was a good deal of caballing against Mr. Gladstone during his long and variegated career. Sir Wemyss declares that on every occasion Mr. Gladstone's "approaching premiership" gave rise to a cabal to exclude him from office. This means, at least, four distinct conspiracies against this great statesman. A bad world evidently, an ungrateful party! There was the affair of 1880. We have the greatest admiration for Mr. Gladstone's single-handed fight for that election, and would have welcomed an explicit account of the cabal then started to rob Mr. Gladstone of the fruits of victory. But Sir Wemyss tantalises us. "There is no need," he says, "to mention the names of the actors in this political intrigue." He refers to his controversy in the "Speaker" with the "Times," when that journal had accused Mr. Gladstone of "ingratitude" towards the present Duke of Devonshire, who had "magnanimously stepped aside" to let Mr. Gladstone in. Sir Wemyss Reid, however, now prints a letter from Mr. Gladstone to show that Lord Hartington had first tried, and failed, to form a Government, as was asserted in his article in the "Speaker." After the Whiggish cabal of 1880, there was a Radical one in 1885, and as soon as Mr. Gladstone heard of it—"in less than forty-eight hours" after the news reached him—the "famous Hawarden Kite" was let loose by which the country learned the "conversion" of Mr. Gladstone to Home Rule. But we are not told the names of the "certain Radicals" whose base caballing forced the hand of Mr. Gladstone. Sir G. S. Clarke deals with the Anglo-American *rapprochement* in an excellent spirit in his paper on "England and America," and expresses his conviction that the United States, as "the coming Great Power," will be "excessively tenacious of its rights while essentially peace-loving." "The Spaniards in Cuba," by Antonio Gonzalo Pérez, a member of the Cuban Junta, is, as might be expected, a severe indictment of Spanish rule. Some interesting particulars are given of patriot Cubans, such as Saco, Luz y Caballero, the poets Heredia and Placido. The last name should be given "Placidi," for it was but a "nom de guerre" of the unfortunate poet who was barbarously shot at Matanzas. Mr. F. Wedmore's rambling paper on "The Theatrical Position," is made up of disjointed remarks like the mere little nothings, overheard as it were, of "the general," about the *genre* of "The Medicine Man." Mr. Jones's admirable "Liars," and so forth. As a "reply" to Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Josiah Oldfield's "Still Vegetarian" strikes us as being a good deal unsubstantial. Perhaps this is a natural and dietetic result. There is one delightful touch in it, however, with regard to the old milk-and-eggs taunt. No vegetarian body, Dr. Oldfield assures us, ever tabooed "animal products." Vegetarianism, in fact, does not mean "vegetable-eating," or as Dr. Oldfield humorously puts it, "I vegetare, thou vegetarest, he vegetares," is not synonymous with "I eat vegetables, thou eatest vegetables, he eats vegetables." "The root of the word," he reminds us, "is *vegeto*, to vitalise, to give vigour." So we are all vegetarians, if healthy. The changed aspects of life which a century has brought to Oxford are suggestively presented by the Hon. G. C. Brodrick in "The University of Oxford in 1898." The revolution, for such it amounts to, indicated by the Warden of Merton in his interesting survey, dates from the first examination statute which was enacted in 1800. But granting all that is due to that and more recent legislation, Mr. Brodrick concludes that the singular contrasts between the Oxford of 1798 and the Oxford of to-day are even more the results of the "feverish and progressive movement in every branch of human activity" during the

Victorian age. The University is still, to be sure, essentially collegiate and therefore, to a foreigner, peculiar. But the heads of colleges no longer monopolise the administration of the University. The semi-monastic character of Oxford has gone; there are married tutors who give garden parties and "even Cinderella balls," and London society invades Oxford, while the society of both "dining-rooms and common-rooms" differs "much less than might be expected from that of the West End." There are who lament these changes, but Mr. Brodrick apparently is not of them. Mr. W. H. Mallock deals characteristically with Mr. Herbert Spencer's charges of misrepresentation formulated in a letter that appeared in "Literature." Lastly, we must note a readable paper by Mrs. Hugh Bell on "A Plea for the Better Teaching of Manners."

The "Fortnightly" comprises four contributions—two of a political, two of a literary kind—that are notable. The anonymous article, "John Morley," is a strong yet good-humoured impeachment of the "Manchesterism" of Mr. John Morley. The writer makes an effective comparison of the rigidity of Mr. Morley's political faith and teaching, and the liberal, not to say flexible, literary dealings of Mr. Morley, a man of letters, with politics and politicians. Many of us have asked, with the writer, "Why did Mr. Morley abandon letters for politics?" And many of us regret that he did so. Oddly enough, Mr. Chamberlain looms large in this article on "Mr. Morley," as he does in that by "Delta" on "Mr. Chamberlain as Foreign Minister." Mr. Morley, it is said, "narrowly escaped becoming the Mrs. Chant of the Empire." The best thing that could happen, should his friends attain power, would be that he should be made Secretary for the Colonies or for India. Then, as the "Fortnightly" writer says, he might become an Imperialist. Possibly. We all know what one visit to Egypt did for Mr. Chamberlain. But it is a little late for Mr. Morley to see the world beyond Manchester, even if only from the dignified position of Colonial Secretary. There is as little of the "imperial" about Mr. Morley as there is, according to his own admission, of the Jingo about Mr. Chamberlain. "Delta" emphasises the Imperialism of Mr. Chamberlain, and there is no doubt that if anything can popularise Mr. Chamberlain with the British people it is his strenuous advocacy of a broadly expansive Imperial policy. He believes in the British Empire, as "Delta" puts it, with "a strong and abiding faith." He believes in the British race, and he has "an adamant confidence in himself." These qualities are "equally essential to a successful Foreign Minister." But, alas! there is one thing he lacks—experience in the field of diplomacy. We own that this conclusion in "Delta's" very able article struck us as little short of bathos. Possibly, as some would persuade us, diplomacy is played out, but we do not believe in a Foreign Minister ignorant of "the wide field of diplomacy." Mr. Walter Sichel's article, "The Two Byrons," though professedly dealing with the "popular" Byron and the "actual" Byron, is so entitled, we must assume, because it discusses Mr. Henley's "Byron" and Mr. Prothero's "Byron." There never was, by the way, man of genius so entirely one and indivisible, so little enigmatic as Byron. We agree with all that Mr. Sichel has written of the "actual" Byron. "Predominant sincerity," a passionate sincerity, too, was the note of Byron's character, whatever the little gang of latter-day "Lakers" may say. As to the mistakes and misprints in Mr. Henley's annotation of Byron, they undoubtedly tell heavily, cumulatively. "The carelessness is beyond everything," as Mr. Sichel remarks. But for the most part they are small matters. "These details," says Mr. Sichel, with a touch of sarcasm, "are unimportant, but Mr. Henley has taken details in hand." Mr. Joseph Knight makes a laudable attempt in "The Real Cyrano de Bergerac" to show the English reader, seduced by M. Rostand and Coquelin, it may be, what manner of man Cyrano really was. It is very well done of Mr. Knight, and a capital piece of work altogether. Mr. William Sharp contributes some rather gushing pages of appreciation of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne discusses the "Sierra Leone Troubles," and recent administrative measures in that much-vexed Colony. Mr. Arnold White, in the "National," treats of the "Russian Bogey," and verily, if it be true, that Russia aspires to dominate Asia, to master Europe, and to become "Suzerain of the World"—a large order—there may be a Russian Bogey. But there are several "disintegrating features" in Russia, noted by Mr. White, that should go far to sap the strength necessary to cow the whole world. The eternal *affaire Dreyfus* is to the front still, with "M. Cavaignac's Vindication of Captain Dreyfus," by L. J. Maxse, which will be read with interest as a worthy pendant to the able article by "Huguenot," in the June number of the "National." Vice-Admiral Colomb continues his "Impressions of the War," and, among other frank utterances, makes the sensible admission that "not having been on the spot," he is unable, in answer to queries, to say whether it was more risky or less risky to make a dash out of Santiago as Cervera did in daylight. The night might have been better for the enterprise, but who knows? Another paper of interest, indirectly bearing on the war, is Mr. Frank Bullen's "A Reminiscence of Manila." Mr. Arthur Shadwell writes of "Journalism as a Profession," a delicate subject delicately treated in this instance. We shall hear much of "Old Age Pensions" yet, even though no election cry will be made of the

Report of the Committee, as is hoped there may be among one section of the Radical party. Mr. Lionel Holland's article on the Report will be read therefore with interest, by all sorts of politicians, as well as by others who desire no party to make capital of what is a "felt want." The Government may yet do something, as Mr. Holland says, to prove they are unjustly suspected of indifference. But will they?

In "Cosmopolis" Professor Max Müller continues his series of sketches, "My Indian Friends," one of which portrays a remarkable example of the Christianised Hindu, Nilakantha Gorch, who came to England with Dhulip Singh, and astonished Mr. Max Müller, on visiting him at Oxford, by addressing him in fluent Sanskrit, a language the Professor did not speak. A Christian, if ever there was one, was Nilakantha Gorch, who took the less impressive name of Nehemiah Gorch. Vernon Lee contributes a clever, but rather over-spun, essay on "The Young Generation and the Old," and Mr. W. Miller writes as one who knows of the present outlook of the Greeks in "The Regeneration of Greece." A somewhat perverted appreciation of Gabriele d'Annunzio, by Mrs. Virginia Crawford, may flatter some of the admirers of the Italian poet. Mrs. Crawford is chiefly intent on discussing his novels, though his poetry, to our view, is far more worth study. In the French section of this trilingual review a very vivid sketch of a wandering cosmopolitan Frenchman must be noted in M. Pierre Mille's "Le Vieux du Zambèse." M. Chailley-Bert's studies of the Dutch in Java are continued and M. Etienne Bricon's "Études de Vie Moderne" are brought to a conclusion. But, by far the most interesting of the French contributions is M. Edouard Rod's "Gens et Choses de Sicile," with its wonderfully brilliant little pictures of Sicilian life, its pleasant note on Signor Verga and his novels, of which we have a first instalment. M. Rod's further impressions of Sicily will be awaited with eagerness. For English readers the German section of "Cosmopolis" comprises nothing so notable as Herr Helferich's excellent and well-judged review of Sir E. Burne-Jones's life and work.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINING CO. LIMITED.

DIRECTORS' REPORT for Twelve Months ending 31 December, 1897,

Submitted to the General Meeting of Shareholders held in the Board Room, Colonnade Buildings, on Wednesday, May 25, 1898, at Eleven o'clock a.m.

GENTLEMAN,—Your Directors have much pleasure in submitting to you their Report upon the affairs of the Company to 31 December, 1897, together with Statement of Accounts, duly audited.

ACCOUNTS.—From the detailed accounts annexed you will gather the net profits from all sources amounted to £151,353 9s. 9d., exclusive of depreciation, £64,719 9s. 5d., a considerable increase on the previous statement. This extra profit has arisen from lower working costs and increased value of ore—the first having been reduced from 24s. 0'885d. to 18s. 0'811d., over 6s. per ton; and the yield from milling and cyaniding having risen from an average of 10'15 dwt. for 1896 to 10'29 dwt. for the past year on tonnage treated.

Capital expenditure for the past year has been materially reduced, being £20,183 18s. 10d., as against £59,039 12s. 2d. for the previous statement.

The expenditure made upon new dam, £550 14s. 2d., is part payment of a new reservoir. The dam site at present in use is only leased from the Simmer and Jack Company, who have given notice (twelve months) to terminate the lease. The Simmer and Jack Company, however, have to take over the dam at a valuation. This will repay a large portion of the cost of new dam.

DIVIDENDS.—During the year Dividends Nos. 14 (20 per cent.) and 15 (30 per cent.) have been declared, absorbing £150,000.

MINE.—Full detailed report from the manager is annexed. From this you will gather that between the No. 11 and No. 19 levels a serious fault occurs, which has given considerable trouble to the manager. This, however, is being overcome on the No. 13 level.

The ore reserves now stand at 307,500 tons—practically the same as last year. Representing this in the books as assets are: Permanent shafts and

excess development amounting to £45,000, or a fraction less than 3s. per ton, which can be considered a very reasonable figure.

GENERAL.—During the past year the difficulties which the management had chiefly to contend with were a shortage of boys and the prevailing worries of the illicit liquor traffickers. The anticipated improvement in the profits has been fully borne out, and every effort will be made to maintain them. The question of treating our slimes is still having the attention of the Board, as surface accommodation for storing in dams is becoming limited. The water question is also giving cause for anxiety (as with other companies in the East), but every care is being taken to prevent waste, and efforts will be made to get through the winter without shutting down.

MR. B. I. BARNATO.—During the year the Board and Shareholders generally have suffered an irreparable loss by the death of their esteemed colleague, Mr. B. I. Barnato. During his connexion with the mine, which was practically since the Company was floated, he had always taken the very greatest interest in its welfare, and to him was due the credit of bringing the Company to its present successful position.

DIRECTORS.—Messrs. S. B. Joel and E. Brayshaw retire in terms of the Trust Deed, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. John Moon and F. W. Diamond retire also in terms of the Trust Deed, but offer themselves for re-election. You will also be asked to fix their remuneration for the past audit.

H. F. STRANGE, E. BRAYSHAW, *Directors.*
For the JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY,
LIMITED, *Secretaries.*

Johannesburg, 16 May, 1898.

D. HENDERSON.

BALANCE SHEET AT 31 DECEMBER, 1897.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
To Capital (fully issued) ...	£300,000 0 0	By Battery, Plant, Buildings, &c., less Depreciation ...	£223,343 14 2
Sundry Creditors ...	21,736 1 5	Cash ...	154,219 8 0
Dividend No. 15 ...	90,000 0 0	Sundry Debtors ...	1,536 17 8
Balance, Profit and Loss ...	192,381 19 5	Pumping Machinery in reserve ...	3,750 0 0
		Stores on hand ...	12,600 0 0
		Property, 59 claims 8 Bewaarplaatsen, and portion of Mijnpacht ...	208,430 0 0
		Freehold Ground ...	838 1 0
	£604,118 0 10		£604,118 0 10

H. F. STRANGE, E. BRAYSHAW, *Directors.*
JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, *Secretaries.*

We hereby certify that we have examined and compared the books and vouchers of the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, Limited, and that the above Balance-sheet is a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs as at 31 December, 1897.

JOHN MOON, F. W. DIAMOND, *Auditors.*

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for 12 Months ended 31 December, 1897.

Cost per ton		By Gold from Tailings, 45,856'94 oz., 63/10'248...	£150,963 0
Milled, 5'810s.	To Mining expenses ...	Gold from Battery, 70,399'89 oz., 73/5'76 ...	258,661 2 8
4'618s.	Development ...	Revenue from other sources ...	3,297 16 7
1'301s.	Hauling and Pumping ...		
1'398s.	Tramming ...	8'36 dwt. per ton milled.	
2'050s.	Milling ...	Yield per ton ...	20'471s.
2'119s.	Cyaniding ...	Cost per ton ...	18'811s.
		Profit per ton ...	10'660s.
	General Charges ...		
1'015s.	Balance, Profit on twelve months' working ...		
18'811s. per ton on 278,015 tons milled ...			
	£412,921 18 10		£412,921 18 10

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, No. 2.

To Loss on Realisation of Gold in Transit ...	£139 5 10	By Balance from last Account ...	£255,887 4 11
Depreciation in value of stores on hand, 31/12/96 ...	7,343 6 11	Balance from above Account ...	151,353 9 9
Depreciation as detailed in Balance-sheet ...	57,376 2 6		
Dividend No. 14 ...	60,000 0 0		
Dividend No. 15 ...	90,000 0 0		
Balance to next Account ...	192,381 19 5		
	£407,240 14 8		£407,240 14 8

H. F. STRANGE, E. BRAYSHAW, *Directors.*

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, *Secretaries.*

Examined and found correct, JOHN MOON, F. W. DIAMOND, *Auditors.*

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., LIMITED.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.
CAPITAL . . . £120,000.

Directorate:

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman.*

R. O. GODFRAY LYS, *Managing Director.* A. GOERZ (*Alternate, H. Strakosch.*)
(*Alternate, C. L. Redwood.*) C. D. RUDD " Major H. L. Sapie.
J. W. S. LANGERMAN (*Alternate, N. J. Scholtz.*) C. S. GOLDMANN (*Alternate, J. G. Hamilton.*)
F. ROBINOW.

London Committee:

CHAS. RUBE.
JOHN ELLIOTT.

S. NEUMANN.

Secretary:

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for June, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £20,679 16s. 11d. :-

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 16,824 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

To Mining Expenses...	£10,301	2	8
" Drifting and Winzes	1,050	5	8
" Crushing and Sorting	693	13	0
" Transport	293	8	3
" Milling	2,479	18	11
" Cyanide	1,695	14	4
" Slimes	550	10	5
" General Charges	2,596	10	6
" Profit for Month	£19,591	3	9
	20,679	16	11
	£40,271	0	8

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts—			
" 5,813'564 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£24,442	0	11
" 3,413'897 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	14,354	20	7
" 361'168 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	1,474	9	2
9,588'629 ozs.	£40,271	0	8

The Tonnage mined for month was 19,855 tons, cost ... £19,247 17 11
Drifts and Winzes Expenses ... 1,050 5 8

Add quantity taken from stock 262 " ... 53 4 9
20,117 " ... 11,351 8 4

Less waste sorted out 3,293 " ... £11,351 8 4
16,824 " ...

The declared output was 11,252'80 ozs. bullion = 9,588'629 ozs. fine gold.
And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—11'398 dwts.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

4TH LEVEL—	ft.
Driving on South Reef, East and West	20
7TH LEVEL—	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	40
8TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	119
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	78
9TH LEVEL—	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	64
Sinking Winzes	7
	328

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 19,990 tons.
During the month 3,293 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 14 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 16'359 per cent. of the total rock handled.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary.*

Head Office, Johannesburg, July 7th, 1898.

TO THE HOLDERS OF THE FOLLOWING BONDS, STOCKS, & COUPONS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY BONDS Loan of 1853 Extended to 1935 at Four per cent.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company 100-year Five per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds of 1883.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Six per cent. Loan of 1872. Due March 1, 1902.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Six per cent. Loan of 1874. Due May 1, 1910.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Six per cent. Loan of 1879. Due April 1, 1910 (Account Parkersburg Branch Railroad Company).
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Five per cent. Bonds, Loan of 1885 (Account Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Company).
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Four and One-half per cent. Terminal Mortgage Bonds of 1894.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Four and One-half per cent. Loan of 1883, Philadelphia Branch.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Five per cent. Loan of 1877. Due June 1, 1927 (Account Baltimore and Ohio and Chicago Railroad Company).
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company First Preferred Stock.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Second Preferred Stock.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Common Stock.
Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Company First Mortgage Bonds, extended to 1946 at Four per cent.
Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Company First Mortgage Seven per cent. Bonds, due July 1, 1898.
Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Company Six per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds.
Akron and Chicago Junction Railroad Company First Mortgage Five per cent. Bonds.
Akron and Chicago Junction Railroad Company Preferred Stock.
Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad Company Six per cent. Bonds.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of June, 1898.

MINE.

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes	409 feet.
Ore and waste mined	7107 tons
Less waste sorted out	1922 "
Balance milled	5185 tons.

MILL.

Stamps	40
Running time	28 days, 18 hrs., 24 mins.
Tons milled	5185 tons.
Smelted gold bullion	5523 ozs. 7 dwts.
Equivalent in fine gold	4761 " 17 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion	2453 ozs. 12 dwts.
Equivalent in fine gold	2085 " 18 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources	6847 ozs. 15 dwts.
" " " per ton milled	26'41 "

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5185 Tons Milled.

Mining	£3,144	4	8
Crushing and Sorting	597	0	6
Milling	1,202	7	10
Cyaniding Sands	1,054	3	4
Do. Slimes	497	4	4
H. O. Expenses	213	11	10
	£6,618	12	6

Development Redemption ... £1,620 6 3
£8,238 18 9

Profit for Month ... £6,618 12 6
£68,760 11 0

By MILL GOLD: 4761.85 ozs. fine gold ... £19,999 15 5

By CYANIDE GOLD: 2,085'90 ozs. fine gold ... 8,760 15 7
£28,760 11 0

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the Month of June is as follows:

Development	£2,887	3	2
Main Shaft	40	18	11
Buildings	20	0	0
Mechanical Haulage	253	0	2
New Hauling Engine	407	11	9
	£3,608	14	0

GEO. D. STONESTREET, *Acting Manager.*

THE FERREIRA GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.

DIVIDEND No. 15.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment on or after Saturday, the 23 July, of DIVIDEND No. 15 (30s. per share) on PRESENTATION OF COUPON No. 8 either at the London Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be presented any day (Saturday excepted) between the hours of ELEVEN and TWO. Listing forms may be had on application.

By order, ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

13 JULY, 1898.

Unpaid Coupons and Claims for Interest on Registered Bonds matured prior to July 1, 1898, appertaining to any of the above-named Bonds, except those of the Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad Company.

Over 93½ per cent. of the above-named outstanding Bonds, and over 73 per cent. of the above-named Stocks, having been deposited under the Plan and Agreement for the Reorganization of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company dated June 22, 1898, the undersigned hereby give notice that the said Plan is DECLARED OPERATIVE.

The time for further deposits of the above-named Bonds and Stocks, without additional charge, has been EXTENDED to and including AUGUST 20, 1898, after which date (but only for such time as the Managers may fix by notice) deposits of said Bonds and Stocks will be accepted only upon a cash payment of 2 per cent. of the par value of Bonds, and an additional cash payment of 82 per Share of Stock deposited.

Unpaid Coupons and Claims for Interest on Registered Bonds matured prior to July 1, 1898, must be deposited on or before August 20, 1898. After that date deposits of such Coupons or Claims for Interest will be accepted, if at all, only upon such terms as the undersigned may impose.

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Reorganization Managers.

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38 Southampton Street Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 6 August, 1898.